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LITERATURE.

Holidays in Eastern France. By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of "A Winter with the Swallows," &c. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS went to the Paris Exhibition last year, and then, instead of returning to England immediately by the well-known railway to Calais or Boulogne, she travelled eastwards and explored some of the French departments least known to regular English tourists. What distinguishes her book from ordinary narratives of travel is, however, not so much the novelty of the country seen and described as the fact that Miss Edwards lived with the inhabitants. She seems to have been well introduced from the beginning, and to have found people very ready to receive her kindly. Some parts of France are much more hospitable than others, so it was fortunate for the success of this journey that the ground covered lay among hospitable regions. The traveller herself was probably very agreeable because she was so much pleased with everything, and this may have rendered the people she met with even more than usually communicative. She heard and saw ten times as much as the ordinary tourist would hear and see in the same space of time. The result is a book of some value, full of pleasant light reading, and containing a good deal of fragmentary information.

Miss Edwards began with the valley of the Marne in hay-time, and she tells us that "after the mid-day meal everyone takes a *siesta* as a matter of course, waking up between four and five o'clock for a ramble." If this were true the *siesta* would be a dreadful waste of time. The truth is that it is by no means a general practice to take a *siesta* at all, and that those who indulge in it seldom go beyond a nap of half-an-hour or an hour at the furthest. Farm labourers, especially threshers, sometimes rest part of the day and work part of the night. On page 5 Miss Edwards says that a manufacturer of Brie cheese lately gave his daughter a dowry of "100,000 francs, or 40,000*l.*" Which of the two are we to believe? Of course it is a *lapsus calami*, or else a printer's error, but the result is that the reader is left in doubt as to which figure is the correct one. We quite agree with Miss Edwards that the best way to see a country is to make a halt at some good central point for weeks at a time, and from thence "excursionise." "By these means," she says, "much fatigue is avoided, and the two chief drawbacks to the pleasure of travel—namely, hotels and perpetual railway

travel—are avoided as much as possible." This is quite true, the only difficulty being that of time, as "a few weeks" at each place of interest soon run up into months.

After the valley of the Marne Miss Edwards visited Noisiel, M. Menier's remarkable "City of Chocolate," then Provins and Troyes, after Troyes Montbéliard, St. Hippolyte, Mortean, the Swiss Borderland, Besançon and its environs, Ornans, Salins, Arbois, the wine-country of the Jura, Lons-le-Saunier, then Champagnole, Morez, and St. Claude, and, finally, Nantua and the Church of Brou. It is quite enough to occupy a summer and autumn. At the conclusion of her book Miss Edwards looked back upon a journey which had entirely fulfilled her programme.

"I had thus, with hardly an important deviation from the plan originally laid down, accomplished my journey in Eastern France, but with a success in one respect impossible to anticipate. Accustomed as I am to French amiability and hospitality, I was yet unprepared for such a reception as that accorded to me throughout every stage of my travels. All hearts were open to me; everyone wanted to do the honours of his beloved *patrie*—using the word in its local rather than national sense—to be serviceable, kind, accommodating. Thus it happened that my holiday rambles in Franche-Comté were so far novel that they may be said to have been accomplished without hotels or guide-books; for the most part, my time being spent in friends' houses, and my itineraries being the best possible—namely, the oral information of interested natives of every place I passed through. This is, indeed, the way in which all countries, and especially France, should be seen, for, without a sympathetic knowledge of her people and their ways of life, we lose the most interesting feature in French travel."

This is true from the tourist's point of view, but if all English tourists were to get introductions to natives and establish themselves in private houses, even French amiability might find the system somewhat burdensome. Again, the tourist himself might possibly desire at times a more complete liberty than hospitable friends allow, especially if he were a painter, an antiquary, or a geologist.

One great secret of Miss Betham-Edwards' success with the French people she visited was her own good-tempered readiness to see people on the favourable side. It is evident that she can have had nothing stiff or repellent in her own manners. The reader will hardly believe it, but it is a fact that she actually found even the bagmen tolerable.

"You meet no one else at the *table-d'hôte* but the *commis-voyageurs*, and it must not be supposed that they are in any way objectionable company. They quietly sit out the various courses, then retire to the billiard-room; and they are particularly polite to ladies."

It is plain, from this, that our author wishes to be just to everybody. Sometimes she gets to the roots of things with feminine perspicacity, especially in household economy. "We must always bear in mind that the general well-being and easy circumstances of the French middle-classes are greatly owing to their freedom from shams. Toil is not regarded as a degradation, and the hateful word 'gentility' is not found in their vocabulary." This is perfectly true; but we must remember that all the French

gentry look upon toil of every kind, even in the learned professions, as a fatal degradation if money is earned by it, except the stipends of officers and priests.

Miss Betham-Edwards is a very staunch Protestant, and her vigorous Protestantism leads her to some injustice here and there. For example (p. 242), she is angry with Frenchmen who happen to be unbelievers because they allow their wives and children to follow the ordinances of the Church of Rome. The unfortunate sceptics are sure to incur censure in any case, for if they permit this they are blamed for permitting practices which they do not approve, and if they refuse to permit it they are anti-Christian tyrants and persecutors of religion. The truth is that the thousands and thousands of French unbelievers who allow their wives and daughters to follow their religion act in strict consistency with the fundamental principle which they profess, the principle of liberty of conscience. What they claim for themselves they allow to others. Again, they themselves, the sceptics, are treated far more pleasantly by Catholics than by Protestants, and as the doctrines of both religions seem to them just equally incredible, they see no reason for trying to Protestantise their womankind. In these matters men generally act with some regard to their own comfort, and a sceptical Frenchman finds practically that he enjoys a degree of personal independence under the shadow of the Church of Rome which his brethren in Protestant countries may envy him. He is not compelled to degrade himself by any kind of hypocrisy whatever, but can live like an honest man, at least in the middle and lower classes. In the French aristocracy an affectation of Catholic piety is one of the marks of caste, and is carefully maintained as such, at least before ladies.

Though Miss Betham-Edwards has a proper and becoming dislike to the unfortunate sceptics, she is enthusiastically in favour of the Republic, and this, to a Frenchman, would appear somewhat inconsistent, because the Republic has already declared, by the mouth of the present Minister of Justice, that she will protect free-thinkers in their liberty of conscience, as well as Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. She talks of "La Belle France and her glorious Republic," which is perhaps going a little too far, as the Republic has scarcely had time yet to become what one would exactly call "glorious." Nevertheless, though a young tree it is a tough one, and likely to last. Miss Betham-Edwards bears witness to the "unanimity, prosperity, and marvellous development found in the different strata of French social life." It is the simple truth that France is very industrious and prosperous: in fact, there are good reasons for believing that just at present she is the most prosperous country in the world; but as for "unanimity," the fact is that the land is in an acute state of political and religious dissension, of which no man sees the end.

This volume may be of use in correcting an idea very prevalent in England (notwithstanding the geographies) that France is altogether a flat uninteresting country, whose best merit is that it has railways which take you to Switzerland and Italy.

The Jura is a glorious region for the explorations of a pedestrian: in fact, there are four or five departments on the eastern frontier which abound in interesting scenery. There is but one objection—the poor accommodation in the inns; but it is accompanied by the charming quality of cheapness. For young and strong people had accommodation matters very little; but it is a serious objection for the delicate. Miss Betham-Edwards' book ought to be welcome to both, for the robust will read it with anticipations of pleasures similar to her own, and the delicate may find in its lively and truthful descriptions of people and places some compensation for their personal disabilities.

P. G. HAMERTON.

The First Afghan War and its Causes. By the late Major-General Sir Henry Marion Durand, K.C.S.I., C.B., of the Royal Engineers. (Longmans.)

THIS is emphatically a sober, serious book. Unreadable, perhaps, to other than Oriental politicians, it will be dull to such of these as are not "advanced" in the Afghan question; perplexing to such as have derived their knowledge of it from only the better-known and more popular authorities; but very interesting to men who, accustomed to look at the intricate subject treated from all sides, are glad to discover a comparatively original view. The late Sir Henry Durand was neither a rash counsellor nor a teacher of political inactivity in any form; and his intelligence was far above the average of his fellows whether in or out of office. But he met with the treatment from which few men in his position who think for themselves are exempt: he was misunderstood and misinterpreted at a time when his true ideas would have had a high public value, and almost shelved for a season when in the full power of manhood. Consciously or unconsciously, moreover, he became a partisan, and this association with party conflicts aroused a hostile and depreciatory feeling towards him on the part of those whose doctrines or ruling he opposed.

The volume of his writings which has just appeared under the title of *The First Afghan War* is incomplete as a history, and has in other respects much of the character of a critical review. It censures the foreign policy of Lord Auckland when Governor-General, and of his advisers; and is even hard upon those who rather carried out than devised it. There is nothing singular in objecting to a course which, viewed by the light of later experiences, is strong neither in justice nor in reason, and the best defence of which is that it was in accordance with a lively popular impulse of the period. Writers like Kaye and Lushington have, however, spoken so freely and fully on this subject that the condemnation conveyed in these pages, even were it now recorded in print for the first time, would have little attraction as an abstract argument. But we think that more might have been said on behalf of men who, if blindly pursuing a mistaken and injurious conceit, were ever encouraged in error by the confidence and support of high authority, and

whose general work, in spite of the severe judgment of many able Englishmen, has borne a far from profitless result before the eyes of progressive Europe. Alexander Burnes, for instance, is described as "a man of inordinate ambition, but of average ability and shallow arguments," whose reputation, obtained by an "amusing but most inaccurate book of travels," had misled Lord Auckland and those about him. "Sanguine and credulous, never pausing to weigh events or information, and not gifted with a comprehensive mind," he is charged with being carried away by the "Russo-Persic phantoms" of his day; and the arrival of the Cossack Vicovitch at Kabul, while he himself was sojourning there, is said to have cast him "into a state of ludicrous excitement and despondency." We are told, moreover, that the behaviour of the English Mission, "official and private, had sunk it into contempt, and the irascible vanity of Burnes, wounded by the proceedings of his own Government . . . and by the neglect shown to himself, impelled him to a line of conduct hasty and injudicious, and which, wanting in truth, composure, and dignity, exasperated the Amir," Dost Muhammad Khan, and, to all intents and purposes, rendered the then pending negotiations abortive. But, even supposing this indictment to admit of substantiation, it must be borne in mind that Lord Auckland was not the only Governor-General or statesman who had seen more than "average ability" in Burnes. Lord William Bentinck it was who sanctioned the bold expedition into Central Asia of which the direction was in his hands, and who received him on his return to India, in the following year, with a distinction which may well have heated the imagination of an explorer not thirty years of age. Sir John Kaye has recorded how Lord Ellenborough, while President of the Board of Control, recommended him for the appointment of Secretary of Legation in Persia, with a promise of the reversion of the office of Minister—in those times a post of considerable regard and importance—and the honours done to him in London, though not rare in the case of distinguished foreigners, were particularly so when the lion was a young officer of the East India Company's Service—a subaltern in a regiment of Native Infantry.

In the story of the "Commercial Mission," which is sketched with ability—though a mere outline—the failings of its individual members have not been spared. Historians, however, while giving all credit to the critic for knowledge of his theme, will hardly neglect the consideration of data more favourable to Burnes and his staff. Blue-books and Parliamentary Reports, with all their dryness of expression and wearisomeness of detail, may not be discarded in the preparation of permanent chronicles: and in references such as these the reader, disposed to form a judgment from a critical retrospect like that contained in the pages before us, will discover abundance of evidence on the opposite side. The leader of the Mission in question has more than one official record to plead his cause; and amid the possible "inaccuracies" of his books of travel much has already been esteemed of sufficient value to find recognition within the libraries of

learned societies and institutions, abroad as well as at home. One of those who accompanied Sir Alexander Burnes, in 1839, to Kabul—proceeding thence to Kunduz and the Oxus—and who left a name without the pale of disparaging criticism, was John Wood, of the Indian Navy. The merit of his work will not be questioned: it has been confirmed by the voice of the discriminating public; it has been confirmed in a recent edition of his *Narrative* by the testimony of his editor, a gentleman eminent among our eminent lettered geographers.

Considered in a literary sense, the book has generally the advantage of clear if not terse expression; and the writing is of an earnest and fearless character, well calculated to carry conviction to the mind. Here and there, perhaps, there is a shade of doubt thrown across the meaning, as in the following passage: but whether the reader is to be charged in this instance with want of perception, or the writer with want of perspicacity, may be a moot point:—

"Cotton reached Quetta on March 26, and as Keane's orders, prohibiting a further advance, were positive, he determined there to await the arrival of his chief with the Bombay troops. The latter quitted Larkhana on March 12, but Keane, mortified at Cotton's advance, instead of marching as was his original intention to Shikarpore, struck off to his left and reached Gundava on the 21st, hoping to find the Pass from thence to Kelat practicable, and to reach the highlands of Afghanistan and Quetta almost as soon as Cotton. Ten days were, however, spent in a halt opposite the mouth of the Pass, the only result of the delay being a reconnaissance and a final decision not to attempt an advance on Kelat. On the 31st the march was resumed, and on April 5 the Bombay force was at Dadur; Keane, however, having given up the hope of advancing on Kelat, had at length deemed it time to push ahead of the Bombay division, and had joined Shah Shooja's camp on March 26, within a march of the mouth of the Bolan Pass."

The question which arises—if there be, indeed, a question at all—is, Who is charged with spending ten days in a halt at the mouth of the Pass? and of what Pass? From the context it should be the commander of the Bombay column, halted at Gundava, reconnoitring the Mulla Pass, from March 21 to March 31—the respective dates of its arrival and departure. But Keane could not well be responsible for this delay, for he is said to have "joined Shah Shooja's camp on March 26." And we also know, from contemporary records, that Sir John Keane, when at Panjuk (ten miles before Gundava) on March 20, determined to push on and join the Shah at once; and that he left Gundava accordingly on the 23rd of that month, with his personal staff, to overtake the Afghan monarch one short march before Dadur, on the date stated. Major-General Willshire, who was appointed in general orders to command the Bombay division of the army of the Indus on Sir John Keane's departure, was detained from March 23 to 31 owing to want of camels, which arrived in slow detachments from Dadur and Bagh; but a dire necessity such as this is not alluded to in the passage above extracted.

The march to Kandahar and Kabul, and return to India through the Khaibar, of Lord Keane's force are described with the fluency

of a ready writer, and of one who was present with the troops and shared their honours and dangers. In the siege of Ghazni, Durand played more than the ordinary soldier's or engineer's part: he was the leading man of the explosion party told off to blow open the Kabul gate of the town. When the Commander-in-chief quits Afghanistan the history becomes naturally more discursive; for the author himself is no longer an actor in the drama, nor is he restricted by any immediate surroundings to one particular locality. But the whole volume is of great interest; and whether we be taken with General Willshire to Kelat, with Dost Muhammad to Bukhara or Bamian, with Todd to Herat, with Abbott to Khiva, or with Rawlinson to Kandahar, or remain with Burnes and Mac-Naghten until the tragic consummation of their destinies at Kabul—in fine, whatever the scene or argument to which our attention is drawn, we cannot be otherwise than grateful for the opportune publication of a most valuable paper. Had the narrative been continued until Pollock's entry into the Afghan capital and the Indian reception of the garrison of Jalalabad, it would have been all the more complete; but the fragment as it reaches us is not to be lightly regarded, and no historian of British India can afford to ignore its existence. F. J. GOLDSMID.

Zechariah and his Prophecies, considered in Relation to Modern Criticism. With a Critical and Grammatical Commentary and New Translation. (Bampton Lectures for 1878.) By Charles Henry Hamilton Wright, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No one acquainted with Mr. Wright's earlier publications will need to be told that the Hebrew scholarship of this volume is of a high order. In fact, to scholars alone does the book appeal; none but a devoted lover of Biblical science will approach its somewhat forbidding pages. But we were not aware of Mr. Wright's singular position among English theologians. Though himself thoroughly orthodox, after a slightly old-fashioned type, he has not one harsh word for those who, without being necessarily anti-supernaturalists, have made large concessions to modern Biblical criticism. He endeavours to discuss each critical and exegetical question on purely non-theological grounds, and does this with a success which certainly entitles him to our most unfeigned gratitude. His own critical position is that Zechariah is all by one author and all of one date. This view he expresses with a confidence which is somewhat astonishing, considering the cautious reserve with which so good a scholar as Dean Perowne of Peterborough expressed himself as to the date of the latter chapters (Smith's *Bible-Dictionary*, art. "Zechariah"). When will scholars come to see that no progress will be made in Biblical criticism until each side does more justice to the elements of truth in the arguments of the other—until solutions of the different problems are provided which will account for the often conflicting phenomena of the Biblical writings? For instance, with regard to Zechariah, it is one thing to grant that there are pre-exilian elements

in the book, and another that the latter chapters of the book in their present form are of pre-exilian date. And it is one thing to admit that these chapters, as they stand, are of post-exilian origin, and another that they are of the same author and age as the first eight chapters. With regard to the exegesis, we venture to regret the excessive detail into which the author has gone, and to doubt whether the crude fancies of Dr. Cumming and Co. were deserving even of registration. A little less completeness, and a little more self-confidence, would have made the book far more practically useful. (To some extent this may apply even to the admirable grammatical commentary at the end, which constitutes, as some will think, the chief ornament of the book.) But the tone of the opinions which the author does express is highly honourable to him as a Christian scholar. He firmly holds a genuinely predictive element, but he does not force a meaning upon the prophecies which critical probabilities refuse to justify. Thus, with regard to the striking passage Zech. ix., 9, he thinks that,

"though the prophecy of Zechariah thus received a literal accomplishment, that triumphal procession was not, in the main, the fact which the prophecy was designed to depict. The prophecy would have been as truly and really fulfilled if the triumphal procession of Palm Sunday had never taken place."

Again, with regard to Zech. xiii., 7, "Sword, awake, against my shepherd, and against a man, my fellow," he observes:—

"The word [rendered 'my fellow'] might, indeed, denote unity of essence with Jahaveh [so our author writes instead of Jehovah or Yahveh], a relation as close and intimate as that designated by the same term among men. Hence it may refer to that mysterious unity of being which existed between our Lord and the Father. The Christian believer may, with the teaching of the New Testament before him, naturally conceive that some such idea is conveyed. Such a sense, however, cannot be proven, and inasmuch as the prophet must have used the term in some sense which he himself comprehended, it is more likely that the title is to be understood to mean similarity of position."

The chapter on "The Last Things as seen in Old Testament Light" will interest all students of prophecy, though its results (summarised in pp. 517–522) may not be in all points satisfactory. It starts from the sound exegetical principle that "the day of the Lord" is not to be regarded as a natural day, but as a period of indefinite length, and that Jerusalem and Judah must have the same literal sense throughout the eschatological chapter. Parts of the chapter, however, Mr. Wright admits, are to be taken not literally but ideally, and we regret that the learned lecturer has not carried out this cautious reserve still further, for the prophecy is bathed in the atmosphere of apocalypsis—a phenomenon, be it said in passing, not without an important bearing on the date of the chapter.

T. K. CHEYNE.

The Art of Practical Whist. By Col. A. W. Drayson, R.A., F.R.A.S. (Routledge & Sons.)

THIS is certainly the best treatise on whist that has appeared since the work by the late

James Clay. The book does not contain much novelty, or it would not deserve this praise. The system of play advocated is that laid down in a more methodical manner by Cavendish; but the excellence of Colonel Drayson's letters consists in the clearness with which he shows that the best system laid down by whist-writers, the knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for decent play, is merely an elementary foundation upon which good practical play can be founded, and that the mere book-player who carries out a mechanical system, and adheres rigidly to rule, is often as unsuccessful in practical play as the ignorant player who outrages every rule and knows of no system. The fault in the excellent work of Cavendish is that, in attempting to organise whist as an exact science, he generalises too broadly, and his disciples often carry out a right principle to absurd lengths. The advantage of establishing a long suit, and using trumps to draw the adversaries' and bring in the long suit, is clearly laid down by Hoyle and Matthews; but the slave of the Cavendish system carries the principle to an absurd length, and loses his own and partner's money by an impossible attempt to establish a long suit of weak cards with no strength of trumps to bring them in. Cavendish's axiom, "Lead originally from your strongest suit," has consequently been abandoned in practical play, whenever the weakness of the hand renders it necessary to play a defensive instead of an attacking game, and under such circumstances weak leads are always preferred. The characteristic excellence of Colonel Drayson's letters is the clear way in which he points out the necessity for at once abandoning an offensive, and taking up a defensive game, when the score shows this to be necessary. It is singular, therefore, that he has not laid more stress on the fact that the original lead from the strongest suit is absolutely bad with a weak hand, or given more definite instructions as regards defensive leads. In fact, through carelessness he has laid down directions for the lead from three cards, which would mislead the novice, bidding him with certain exceptions to lead the lowest, when it would certainly be safer to bid him with certain exceptions to lead the highest card. The lead of a strengthening card, a Queen or Knave, with only one other of the suit, is now universally acknowledged to be less injurious than opening a long suit of four or even five weak cards with no strength in trumps to bring them in; and, strange to say, Colonel Drayson has omitted to notice this point, in which the *consensus* of practical players has broken away from the chains of theory.

The letter on the "Use and Abuse of Trumps" is one of the best in the book, and nothing can be better than the exposure of the stereotyped fallacy, "Do not force your partner if you are weak in trumps." There can be no worse play than doing this under certain circumstances; and hence the weak player makes a fetish of a good principle.

"Following this direction," says Colonel Drayson, "many players will never force their partner if they are weak in trumps, and thus many a trick and many a rubber is lost. If I were to enu-

rate the number of rubbers I have seen lost by one player weak in trumps refusing to force his partner, I should count them by thousands. I have, therefore, often remarked to such partners, when they have urged that they could not force me as they were weak in trumps, 'Say, you would not allow me to make a trick in trumps, because you were weak in them.'

After giving examples, he winds up:—

"I would, therefore, after carefully weighing all the arguments that have been urged by former writers, and comparing these with the result of my own experience in whist, be disposed to reverse the directions connected with forcing, and say:—'Unless your partner has shown great strength in trumps, a wish to get them drawn, or has refused to ruff a doubtful card, give him the option of making a small trump, unless you have some good reason for not doing so other than a weak suit of trumps in your own hand' (p. 116).

There are two classes of players who ought to derive benefit from the perusal of this little book—the ignorant and conceited class who pride themselves on never having read a whist-book, and imagine that their own limited experience can equal that of one hundred years of whist-playing by the best players throughout the world; and that other now increasing class who have learnt the game from theory as expounded by Cavendish, and are slaves to the letter. Such players, if they play with the necessary attention, which they sometimes do, will afford their partner the material on which to found fine play; but if the fine player be their opponent, by counting on the weakness of pedantry he can often bring them to profound grief. A knowledge of rules is absolutely necessary, but constitutes the mere elements of the game: the play of every hand commences by rule, and as it advances is more and more guided by reason. The pedant will never allow reason to break a rule, and acts, as Colonel Drayson aptly puts it, as if the main object of whist was, not to win tricks, but to convey information.

There is only one novelty in practical play advocated in the book—a system for affording information by the lead that it is from a six-suit. The lead of the penultimate card with a five-suit has been long introduced, although it certainly has not found universal favour; and we doubt whether Colonel Drayson's extension of this system to a lead from a six-suit would afford much advantage. It is certainly too complicated to be comprehended by the ordinary player; and it appears to run the risk of misleading a partner as to the lead being from weakness instead of strength. In any case the occasions by which any advantage can be gained by it must be rare; and whist is quite difficult enough without adding a needless complication to existing conventionalities.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

Reminiscences of Many Years. By Lord Teignmouth. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

AN octogenarian, born at Calcutta in 1796, whose father, the first Baron Teignmouth, succeeded Earl Cornwallis as Governor-

General in 1792; who, if not present at, was cognisant of, the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo; and who, though a Conservative, was returned for Marylebone at the head of the poll in the elections of 1837-8, must have come in contact with cities, men, and manners to recall in his anecdotalage. It was in 1798 that the autobiographer, but two years old, left Calcutta for England in his Ayah's arms, so that, after the possibly mythical reminiscences of his voyage, his first pleasures of memory centre in Clapham Common, where his father, in 1801, purchased a house and twenty-two acres of land from John Thornton, which he owned till 1808. It was there amid a knot of philanthropists that a certain Yorkshire schoolmaster, William Greaves, had been airing an abortive scheme for acclimatising and educating some negro boys of rank. So far did its failure abate the confidence of his benevolent employers, that when all but six of the original negro pupils had left, the school was reinforced by the sons of Stephen, Thornton, Wilberforce—to whom young Shore seems to have been an unconscious decoy-duck—as well as Tom Macaulay, who broke down in his first oratorical essay. Hence in 1808 he was transferred to the Rev. C. Jerram's tuition at Chobham, near Bagshot, in a successful private school, of which several good stories are told, and where his chief companions were Patrick Frazer Tytler and William Thomas Grant. In 1813 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Varied and manifold are his reminiscences of this period—from "Armageddon" Townsend's attribution of a sharp pull-up to his undergraduate idleness to the fancy that Sir Isaac Newton's statue frowned on him as he passed through the ante-chapel of Trinity, to those of the sometime Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Mansell, whom for his pompousness a current epigram nicknamed "Bishop Bluster." Whether as tutor, dean, or bishop, kindly anecdotes of Dr. C. J. Monk bear friendly tribute to the much-abused author of the *Life of Bentley*; and, as might be expected, a loving remembrance enshrines the still popular name of Sedgwick. Among young Shore's undergraduate contemporaries were Hugh James Rose and Follett; while of his own year and college was Spencer Percival, eldest son and namesake of the assassinated Prime Minister, and himself destined to end a life of wasted chances and misdirected enthusiasm in the rôle of an Angel of the Irvingites. One reminiscence of this period relates to Lord Mountcharles, the son of the Marquis Conyngham, whose dissipation at and after Cambridge argue scant profit from Bishop Sumner's training. Another is connected with the *Origines* of the Cambridge Union, of which the annalist was one of the triumvirate of founders, acting as secretary of the society, with Sir Edward Gambier for president, and Lord Normanby for treasurer.

In 1815 he paid a visit with Sir Francis Hill to Lord Hill's head-quarters at Grammont. Getting an insight into campaigning amid a gallant family of which four sons went forth to fight their country's battles, young Shore observed enough of the surroundings and circumstance of war to throw curious light on the eventful struggle, and

to sketch for his readers of sixty years later some of its principal and subordinate actors. We find him at Brussels on June 16, going off with a trooper bearing despatches across country on horseback to Grammont, to secure his own and Sir F. Hill's baggage, and on the 19th he writes from Antwerp, having been warned by Lord Charles Fitzroy, an *aide-de-camp* of Lord Hill, that Brussels was the best place for him, and at Brussels finding it expedient to retire to Antwerp. The roads were crowded with Belgian and Prussian fugitives; and of the misconduct of the Prussians, who attacked and plundered indiscriminately to the very gates of Brussels, Lord Teignmouth speaks as an eyewitness in no measured terms. Presently we read of the issue of the great battle, and the suddenness of the French advance which precipitated it. Sir Robert Hill and his *aide-de-camp*, Clement Hill, were severely wounded, while the other two military brothers, Lord Hill and Sir Noel, escaped unhurt. Sir Francis, the diplomatist, stayed at Brussels with his brothers, but our annalist availed himself of the company of an officer of the Blues, on *parole*, to witness the triumphal entry of the English army into Paris. Wellington's entry did not extend far beyond the gate, and, though a numerous train of officers and friends accompanied him, not a single British soldier was admitted.

In the autumn of 1815 we find Shore in the very different atmosphere of Hawkstone—the home of the primitive, patriarchal, and representative Shropshire family of the Hills, whose warriors had come home and fallen into their natural places in the family mansion. It is charming to read the sketch of the dry-humoured Sir John, the father, whose peculiar hereditary vein Wilberforce christened "Hillism." Quaint humour was characteristic of several of the sons, especially Sir Robert, the author of the saying concerning his clerical brother, Richard, that "Dick was the only man in England who could read the Lord's Prayer in a breath." Besides "Hillism," another trait of the Hills was a love of pets, of which Hawkstone was a Paradise. Patriotism was ingrained in the race, with independence of spirit, not seldom mingled with drollery and eccentricity. We learn from the *Reminiscences* how these latter features developed themselves in Sir Richard, the brother of Sir John, and his famous brother, Rowland, who in a Baptist chapel at Bristol vindicated his gown in the pulpit by saying he would just as soon preach without his breeches as without his gown, and, being invited in a Presbyterian house to offer up the family worship, made it a proviso that he might pray for his horse. A good story is told of the Duke of Wellington's allusion to Lord Hill's ruddy complexion as they walked together across the park from a Royal confinement, to which both had been summoned, and Lord Hill arrived too late. "Fine child," said the Duke, "and as red as you, Hill!" It is characteristic of the benevolent but strongminded sister of this gallant quartett of Waterloo heroes that all their letters from the Peninsula were addressed to her. In the next year Mr. Shore "did" the Rhine and Switzerland, and his reminiscences include Bishop Cople-

ston, and the brothers Duncan, of Oxford. He visited Naples in the next year, and a brief note is given of the usage there and at Palermo of exhuming and dressing up the bodies of the defunct *cavalieri* to receive visits of relatives and friends on All Saints' Day. The years 1818-19 contain his reminiscences of Dublin and Ireland, to which he reverts on the occasion of George IV.'s visit in 1821. In the interval had occurred the Cato Street conspiracy and the Queen's trial; and *à propos* of two of her advocates, Lords Brougham and Denman, the author quotes a witty letter of the latter to the former on the false report of his death. A chapter devoted to Wilberforce brims with anecdotic matter, and quotes Bishop Jebb's happiest picture of him as entering his room "with all the sweetness of an angel and all the agility of a monkey." A visit to Scotland in 1822 calls up recollections of Scott and of Chalmers, and a chronicler of "personal texts" might make a note of the latter's sermon on Education, preached when George IV. was expected at Edinburgh, the text whereof was "Better is a child that hath understanding than an old and foolish king who will be no more admonished."

The early part of vol. ii. records the writer's reminiscences of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; and these, though doubtless painfully accurate, candour bids us pronounce by comparison uninteresting. Livelier is the account of the Great Duke's installation at Oxford in 1834; and the election of the writer, who had then succeeded his father as a baron in the peerage of Ireland, opens the way to a series of still more interesting recollections of statesmen and politicians and public characters. Among these are sketches of Palmerston, who reminded him of a steam-vessel of so many "compartments that, should one spring a leak, the rest would sustain the gallant ship elate and buoyant;" of Francis T. Baring, Lord Melbourne's second Chancellor of the Exchequer; and of O'Connell and his discernment of character, as seen in his prophecy of Smith O'Brien's future, which ought to have been, but was not, literally fulfilled. Of Joey Hume he quotes the retort upon Mr. Canning, who had twitted him with dealing in allegations, that he was himself the greatest *allegator* in the House; and of Sir Robert Peel the uncourtliness which the Iron Duke, when appointed premier, touched upon in his remark that "he knew not how they should get on with the Queen, for he had no small-talk and Peel no manners." The later years of Lord Teignmouth's life, after half-a-decade of eventful interest in connexion with Bristol, its institutions and its public characters, respect the North Riding of Yorkshire and the social system and parochial annals of the Vale of Mowbray. We gather from his evidence that in the course of a quarter-of-a-century vast changes for the better have occurred in a district where the standing proof of longevity in 1873 was a hale old man of 100 years who had just been summoned for an assault.

JAMES DAVIES.

L'Espagne au XV^e et au XVI^e siècles. Documents historiques et littéraires, publiés et annotés par Alfred Morel-Fatio. (Heilbronn: Henninger frères.)

SPANIARDS ought to be both proud and grateful for the interest which is everywhere being taken in their national history and literature. French and German scholars have largely contributed of late years by original publications, or the reprint of scarce books, to our knowledge of their country. Nor has Spain herself remained inactive in the midst of this, as it might well be called, "retrospective movement." Philobiblon societies or, as Spaniards style them, *Sociedades de Bibliófilos*, have lately sprung up at Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, Saragossa, and Valencia; and although much might be said with regard to the selection of materials—which has not always been good—or to the illustration and annotation of the works themselves, there can be no doubt that never, at any time, has Spain shown so much activity in this line, and that the impulse thus given is likely to be crowned with success. We therefore hail with satisfaction the appearance of a new volume destined, as its title imports, to give us an insight into the history, the manners, and the literature of Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially when the task is undertaken by so competent a judge as M. Alfred Morel-Fatio.

After a short Preface, stating the reasons and object of the publication, the editor begins his task by a paper on the rising of the Alpujarras in 1569, entitled: "Memorial del Marques de Mondejar a Felipe II." The origin and causes of the memorable Morisco rebellion need no comment. A wretched crew, the relics of the conquered Granadine Moors, lived in comparative peace and freedom, notwithstanding the flagrant violation of the capitulation under which they had surrendered, and the edict promulgated by Charles V. in 1526; but forty years after they were accused by inquisitors and priests of adhering too openly to the practices of Islam, and, strange to say, of making proselytes among the lower ranks of society. It was then that, at the suggestion of a Junta or committee appointed for the purpose, and composed of the Archbishop of Granada (Guerrero), of the president of the Chancery Court (Don Diego Deza), and of the Cardinal Bishop of Sigüenza (Don Diego de Espinosa), a proclamation was issued forbidding the Moriscoes, under pain of death and confiscation of property, to use their national dress or speak their vernacular tongue. Their bath-houses were to be destroyed, and the practice of bathing discontinued. No man was to bear arms or keep them at his house. The women were to go about unveiled, and the children of both sexes to be sent to the village schools that they might the sooner forget the religion and language of their fathers. In vain did the second Marquis of Mondejar, D. Iñigo Hurtado de Mendoza—grandson of that gallant Count of Tendilla who in 1492 was one of the first to plant his standard on the walls of the Alhambra—remonstrate against the impolicy and cruelty of such treatment; the measure was enforced, and

the defaulters severely punished, the consequence being a general revolt, which at one time threatened to spread to the neighbouring provinces of Murcia and Valencia, principally inhabited by Moriscoes. As Warder of the Alhambra—an hereditary charge conferred on his ancestors by Ferdinand and Isabella—the marquis had naturally to stand the first brunt of the rebellion. Unprepared for the attack, without resources of any kind, with only twenty-five of his own retainers inside the Alhambra, and 300 raw militia in the Albaycin (a suburb of Granada entirely inhabited by Moriscoes), the marquis could not make head against a rebellion which at once assumed enormous proportions. He experienced one or two checks, and was accordingly recalled. His Memorial, which was probably presented to Philip at Cordova, and seems to be the work of some secretary or chaplain attached to the marquis's family, is only a vindication of his conduct during that campaign. It is full of details, and although when compared with the work of Marmol Carvajal some important omissions may be found in it, it is nevertheless a valuable contribution to the history of the sixteenth century. Some important additions, which M. Morel-Fatio has made to it in the shape of other Memorials of the same marquis, as well as chapters abstracted from a history of the House of Mondejar, still inedited, enhance considerably the value of the publication.

Next come (pp. 97-150) fifteen inedited letters of Don John of Austria to Don Rodrigo de Mendoza and the Count of Orgaz (1576-78). We need scarcely add that Don John's letters to Don Rodrigo and to the Count of Orgaz have been made, like the rest of the papers in the volume, the subject of prefatory remarks and copious critical notes, as well as an Appendix. We shall not attempt to follow the editor into the intricate maze of Don John's love-adventures, nor try to guess who the lady was who in the correspondence is designated by *mi dama*, nor who was *la prima* (cousin), nor who was the child mentioned under the appellative *La Belucha*. On this last point, however, we happen not to agree with the editor. That word is decidedly Italian; it seems to us not to be the diminutive of Isabel (Isabelica, Isabelucha) as M. Morel-Fatio supposes, but a term of endearment still much used in the Neapolitan dialect, and generally applied to girls under nine years of age, as Don John's natural daughter must have been at the time, if she was really born at Madrid in 1570, as Father Famiano Strada asserts (*De Bello Belgico*, lib. x.). "*Belluccia*," written *Belucha* by a Spaniard, from *bella*, means "pretty little girl." The fate of this portion of Don John's inedited correspondence is curious enough; and as its editor has taken some pains to ascertain its present whereabouts, we feel a pleasure in being perhaps able to help his researches. It was formerly kept at the palace of Guadalajara, the proud residence of the Mendoza, dukes of Infantado. About the end of last century, Prince Emanuel de Salm-Salm, whose sister, Marie-Anne-Victoire, married Don Pedro Alcantara Toledo, the ninth duke, caused it to be transcribed for his own use. The copy is now in the National Library at Paris, among

other papers of the Prince, who in 1777 was still colonel of the regiment of Brabant in the Spanish service. It appears, however, that when, on the editor's application, a search was instituted for the originals in the Osuna library, with which the vast collection of valuable papers and books formerly belonging to the Infantado family have been incorporated since 1830, the original letters of Don John to Don Rodrigo could not be found. Nor is this wonderful, for if the proverbial indolence and carelessness of the Spanish grandees—who never attached much importance to things of this sort—and perhaps also the ignorance or untrustworthiness of the keepers themselves, be taken into account, it may safely be asserted that few, if any, of the great historical families in Spain have their archives kept in proper order. Thus the papers of the noblest families in the land, the Mendoza, Guzman, Toledo, Cordoba, Zuñiga, &c., have been most miserably scattered about the country, the British Museum alone having purchased of late years nearly 200 volumes in folio of original State Papers, belonging principally to the long reign of Philip II., between 1556 and 1598.

Owing to this and other circumstances, which Spanish historians and scholars must necessarily lament, the collection now edited by M. Morel-Fatio is unluckily incomplete. Indeed, it would appear that when the Prince of Salm-Salm applied to the Duke for a copy of Don John's correspondence, some of the originals were already missing, for we are in a position to mention a few stray ones, two of which, at least, were years ago in the possession of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., whose valuable contributions towards Spanish history and art in the sixteenth century are already before the public. It is to be hoped that his *Life of Don John of Austria*, which, we are informed, was completed and ready for the press shortly before his death, will soon be published. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have availed himself of this inedited correspondence, as he did early in January, before he started for Venice, of one of the two above-mentioned letters, dated October 29, 1577, which, faithfully reproduced in photographic facsimile, appeared at Edinburgh at the end of his *Antwerp delivered in 1577: a Passage from the History of the Troubles in the Netherlands* (David Douglas, 1878, fol.): a splendidly illustrated work, and, unluckily for Spanish art, the last of a series on the history of Charles V. and his sons. But while admitting that Don John's letters, though incomplete, are a valuable contribution to Spanish history, we are afraid that the same cannot be said respecting Camillo Borghese's *Journey to Spain in 1594*, which, had it not been for the editor's very opportune remarks and illustrations, as well as for the documents appended to it, might have passed unnoticed in a collection of this kind, inasmuch as, unlike the rest of the papers in the volume, the narrative is in the original Italian, and is besides short, poor, abounding in commonplace remarks, and, in our opinion, much inferior to all the descriptions of Spanish life written about this time. We know very well that the Peninsula has generally been described as a most dreary, barren, and in-

hospitable country; that since the days of Leo Von Rossmithal, who in 1474 traversed it with fifty mounted followers, the inns on the roads, where any exist, have but little improved; that provisions for the men and fodder for the beasts could not always be obtained, and that even in the palmy days of the Philips accommodation for travellers was almost out of the question; yet it must be owned that the author to whom we owe the narrative of the Nuncio's journey, must have been a very fastidious guest of the Spanish capital. Borghese, who in 1605 was raised to the pontificate under the name of Paul V., and who the year after quarrelled with Venice on questions of Papal authority, and fulminated against her Doge and "Dieci" the censures of the Church, was in 1594 Auditor of the Apostolic Chamber. The avowed object of his mission to Spain seems to have been to obtain assistance against the Turk, who at that time threatened the Empire and the whole of Christendom; but though historians are altogether silent on this point there must have been another important motive for his journey, as may be gathered from Clement's instructions, which the editor reproduces at pp. 194-203 of his volume. Indeed, the fifth paragraph of these instructions commands Borghese to exhort Philip to relent in his aggressive policy against France, thus preparing, as it were, the way for the reconciliation of Henry IV. with the Church of Rome, which took place soon after. The Nuncio's mission lasted about four months, from his landing at Barcelona, on January 3, till June 22, when he embarked at Valencia to return to Rome. Part of this time was naturally spent on the road, the journey from Barcelona to Madrid, through Saragossa and Aragon, having taken no less than twenty-seven days. We shall not attempt to follow the author of the narrative into his clamorous denunciation of the fatigues and somewhat awkward incidents of the journey in a "lettica," or sedan-chair drawn by mules. Suffice it to say that even at Madrid, when comfortably lodged and splendidly entertained at the royal expense, the Nuncio, or rather the author of the narrative, finds food scarce and badly cooked, the wine sour and tasting of pitch, the town itself dirty, and the people dirtier still (p. 177). Nor are the higher ranks of society free from the aspersion. "Certainly," he says, "one may find in the houses of the nobility some show of splendour, much silver plate, silk hangings, and gorgeous tapestry, but nowhere true comfort: the Spanish grandee lives miserably" (p. 178). Their palaces are mean and badly-furnished, the only one worthy of notice being that of Pietro de' Medici, and even that is inferior to those of Italy. As to the Spanish ladies, "they are in general impudent and immodest, making no scruple of carrying on their love-intrigues openly, in the churches or on the Prado, and other public promenades;" and certainly, if the adventure related (p. 179) of a lady bathing in the Manzanares—which we may charitably suppose then contained more water than at present—be substantially true, the author and four other individuals of the Nuncio's household (*quattro*

di noi) who happened to be on the bank at the time must have been greatly shocked at the conversation which the fair Susanna held with them from her bath.

Borghese's journey is followed in the volume by a series of papers chiefly borrowed from statistical records of no great novelty, though we are far from disputing their utility. There is scarcely one public library in Europe that has not several copies of a statistical compilation made twice during Philip's reign, and often reproduced during that of his successors, the third and fourth of his name, under the title of "*Estado de la Monarquía Española*."

Next in chronological order come fifty-seven letters, mostly inedited, of Philip's confidential secretary, Antonio Perez, whose sudden disgrace, imprisonment at Madrid, and flight to Aragon, have been graphically related by Mignet, Gachard, and other historians. All are addressed during Perez's exile in France and England, either to Henri IV., to the Duke of Nevers (Louis de Gonzague), to the Secretary of State, M. de Villeroi, or to the Constable Henri de Montmorency, and to his secretaries, Chatillon and Maridat.

On the whole, as M. Morel-Fatio justly observes, this portion of the secretary's correspondence discloses few facts likely to enlighten us as to the real causes of his disgrace, or to illustrate that part of Spanish history from the assassination of Escobedo in the streets of Madrid in April 1577 to the death of the monarch himself in 1598. It merely gives us details of his life in France. His letters are only of one kind—namely, interminable petitions for favour and money, mixed with the basest, though well-turned, flattery,* professions of service and devotion, and, it must be added, treacherous information also respecting the politics of his king and master, and the weak points of the Spanish monarchy. The perusal of the Secretary's correspondence must upon the whole leave an unfavourable impression on the mind of the reader: it is simply disgusting. It raises no other sentiment but that of pity for the wretch who having sought refuge in foreign countries strives to secure his daily bread by selling his master's secrets. But though the letters themselves afford us no positive or authentic information respecting the reign of Philip II., it must be owned that the editor has, in a learned Preface to them, incidentally touched on one point of the Secretary's life which has hitherto puzzled the most acute historians—we mean Philip's intimate relations with the Princess of Eboli (Doña Ana de Mendoza), and the supposed rivalry of Perez, said to have been the sole and only cause of his disgrace. A late biographer of the Princess, Señor Muro of Madrid, maintains that there is no evidence to show that Philip did ever conceive a passion for the one-eyed widow of his favourite Ruy Gomez de Silva; M. Morel-Fatio thinks differently: he produces arguments which, in the absence of better proofs, seem to us very strong. We hope that he may some day be tempted to discuss this matter more at leisure, since the despatches

* In one of his letters to the Constable Montmorency (No. xxv.) he signed himself, "*Perro de V. E.*" ("Your Excellency's dog").

of the Venetian and French ambassadors at the Court of Madrid cannot fail to have given their version of the affair, and we are informed that both exist in the Paris public library.

Such as they are, the letters of Philip's secretary cannot fail to throw some light on certain mysterious events which still remain unexplained. It is not generally known that some time before the death of that monarch efforts were made to obtain his pardon; that they were renewed in the first years of the reign of his successor (Philip III.); and that on the death of Antonio Perez in 1611 a pension was allotted to his son.

The papers in prose—or rather that portion of the volume which is, strictly speaking, historical or descriptive—end with a valuable and most detailed account of the war which Spain and the German Empire together carried on in 1620 against the Palatine Frederick V., the son-in-law of James I. of England, who disputed with the emperor Ferdinand II. the kingdom of Bohemia, the Spanish forces being under the command of the celebrated Ambrosio Spinola. The work "*Guerre del Palatinado*," which is of considerable length (pp. 328 to 488), and addressed to Don Balthasar de Zuñiga, high commander of Leon in the Order of Santiago, and councillor of State and War, was probably written, as the editor judges, by a captain of Spanish lances, Francisco de Ybarra, son of Diego, the Secretary of State to Philip IV. It will be found to contain the account by an eye-witness of that memorable campaign, which eventually led to the "Thirty Years' War," and as such must be considered a valuable addition to our knowledge of general history.

The rest of the volume from page 501 to the end contains a reprint of the "*Cancionero de Zaragoza, 1554*," of which the only copy known is in the public library at Wolfenbüttel, in the duchy of Brunswick, and a "*Certamen*" of the ensuing century during the reign of the fourth Philip. This is, strictly speaking, the only part of the volume which can be called literary, that which we have just analysed being historical or descriptive. To those who wish to follow the many transformations and changes which poetical culture and taste have undergone in Spain since the beginning of the fifteenth century until the present day these two specimens will no doubt afford plenty of matter for reflection; for just as Boscan, Garcilasso, Cetina, and others (whose works fill the pages of the above-mentioned "*Cancionero*"), brought on a much-approved reform by introducing the Italian school of poetry in Spain, so did Gongora and his degenerate followers in the next march in the footsteps of Cavalier Marino and other Italian poets.

We can hardly conclude our notice of *L'Espagne au XV^e et au XVII^e Siècles* without a further word of praise and encouragement to its editor. The selection of the papers is good and the printing correct. The Preface and notes are in French. A discontented critic might possibly object that the title M. Morel-Fatio has given to his historical and literary anthology (for after all the compilation comes to that) is some-

what inappropriate, and that, notwithstanding the pains he has taken to illustrate his texts with notes and observations, a good deal more was required to fulfil such a programme. But I am not one of those critics. I firmly believe that he has rendered an important service to history and literature in general, and sincerely hope that he will continue publishing volumes of the same sort, for which the National Library in Paris is well known to possess abundant materials.

PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Londoniana. By Edward Walford, M.A. In Two Volumes. (Hurst and Blackett.) This book exhibits a rather bad example of the too prevalent custom of reprinting ephemeral contributions to newspapers and magazines without any preparation having been made to fit them for their more permanent form. The author himself says:—"The [the articles] have no sequence or connexion with each other, each one being complete in itself; their point of unity being simply this, that they treat of persons, places and things now or heretofore connected with the great metropolis." There would have been some little excuse had the chapters been arranged in any kind of order; but here "*Plantagenet London*" follows "*Marriages in May Fair*," and precedes "*Curiosities of the Post Office*," in the first volume, while "*Fitzstephen's Account of London*," which was written during the reign of the first of the Plantagenets, is treated of in the second volume. It may have been well when printing an article on Heralds' College in 1869 to write "at the present moment when the recent death of Garter King of Arms has drawn public attention to the subject," but this is not a very appropriate inducement to hold out to the reader of 1879. Again, the sentence in which the names "of Sir Rowland Hill and his successor the Duke of Argyll" are blessed might be expunged with advantage, as no one but Mr. Walford supposes that the Duke of Argyll was ever Secretary to the Post Office. The author does not allow himself room to do justice to the subjects on which he treats—for instance, he only devotes eleven pages to "*A Stroll round Hampstead and Highgate*;" eight pages to the Plague; and thirteen pages to the Great Fire. Moreover, some of the articles are reviews of well-known books such as Milman's *Annals of St. Paul's* and Timbs's *Curiosities of London*, and contain little more than abstracts of them. Readers of books on London will find little new in these two volumes, but those who come fresh to the study may consider them sufficiently amusing.

Florilegium Amantis. By Coventry Patmore. Edited by Richard Garnett. (George Bell and Sons.) It was a very happy inspiration that suggested to Mr. Garnett the production of this charming volume. Himself a poet, whose elegant muse has disdained to lift her voice quite high enough for a general hearing in this noisy age, he has known how to select with exquisite tact the best blossoms from a brother's garden. Comparing this little book with the four volumes of Mr. Patmore's complete poetical works, we have been unable to find anything that we have learned to value omitted in the present selection. Whatever is thin, ludicrous, or grotesque in one of the most unequal poets that ever lived is here quietly dropped, and the result is that Mr. Patmore attains much larger proportions as a writer of genius than when we study his works from his own standpoint. There is all the difference between a miscellaneous lap-full of sprays plucked by a child and an artistically-fashioned little posy, between Mr. Patmore as he stands in his four volumes and Mr. Patmore as Mr. Garnett presents

him. We meet with all the old popular favourites, "*The Storm*," "*The Paradox*," "*The Cathedral Close*," later gems, such as the exquisitely tender and dignified "*Amelia*," and the lovely anapaests entitled "*First Love*," and the clearest and best of those dim beryls and somewhat clouded agates that the author puzzled us with in *The Unknown Eros*. Altogether, it is long since we have met with a book of poetry so pure and delicate, so unalloyed, and so universally acceptable as this little selection. It is worthy to be the very liturgy of all young lovers.

"An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him; but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day."

It has been Mr. Patmore's vocation to give speech to this happy waking, and to prolong the hour of light.

English Men of Letters: Spenser. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. (Macmillan.) Dr. Church is master of his subject, and writes always with good taste. What, perhaps, is freshest in his volume is his picture of the Ireland in which Spenser was doomed to spend so many years of his unfortunate life. It used to be commonly said that Spenser returned to England with Arthur Lord Grey, but there is really no ground for that statement, and the probability is that from 1580 to 1598 his home was in Ireland, though he certainly visited England in 1590 and in 1596, and perhaps before 1590. We know that he had begun the *Faerie Queene* by 1580. No one has, we think, called attention to the fact that Irish references begin in the second book. The picture of the "villains" in canto ix., st. 13, is almost certainly drawn from his Irish experiences; see also the mention of the "Fens of Allan" in st. 16, and of "jet or marble far from Ireland brought" in st. 24. Likely enough, all the *Faerie Queene* that was written, except Book i. and perhaps the beginning of Book ii., was written in Ireland. We will now call attention to a few minor points in his excellent volume which Dean Church may think worth considering in his second edition. It is a curious instance of how one biographer follows another like sheep their leader, that Spenser's iambs are perpetually misprinted. They are always given, as Dr. Church gives them, thus:—

"Unhappie Verse, the witness of my unhappie state,
Make thy selfe fluttering wings of my fast-flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love wheresoever
She be."

Has no biographer "scanned" these lines? Perhaps the effort would have been too painful. Clearly, "thought" belongs to the end of the second trimeter. The lines are surely bad enough without making them worse. Dr. Church does not mention what was the most important service Gabriel Harvey did Spenser—his introducing him to Sir Philip Sidney. We do not know anything to justify the Dean in saying that Spenser "never ceased to love" Rosalind "even apparently in the midst of his passionate admiration of the lady whom long afterwards he did marry." Though some lines in "Colin Clout's come home again" are certainly as late as the date of the writing of the *Amoretti*, there is not any reason for supposing that the Rosalind passage is so. It was shortly—a year or so—after that passage was written that the image of Rosalind was dethroned by that of Elizabeth, or at all events that the rival image of Elizabeth was set up. To speak of Spenser's "long-fostered revenge on the lady who had once scorned him" (p. 129) is surely to speak harshly; nor is it so absolutely certain that Mirabella is Rosalind. Rosalind did

not disdain everybody; she did not disdain "Menalcas," whoever that happy gentleman was. Spenser is scarcely to be blamed, even with Dr. Guest's authority, for using "even waves for waves," for waves occurs, not rarely, but frequently in the older poetry—that is, he is not to be blamed unless his archaism is to be altogether condemned. Among others who use the form we may mention Malory, whose famous work was intimately known by Spenser: "What sawe thou then?" said the king. 'Syr,' he sayd, 'I sawe no thinge but waves and wyndes.' Also to object to "lamentable eye" in the sense of "a lamenting eye" shows an imperfect acquaintance with Elizabethan and older usage. Dr. Church forgets "that comfortable sacrament" in the Book of Common Prayer; so *debatable, tuneable, merciabile, vengeable, impeccable, powerable, &c.*, all occur in an active sense. Of Spenser as a humourist Dr. Church has a better opinion than is commonly entertained. He says he "certainly did not want for humour and an eye for the ridiculous;" and again: "The gravity of his great poem is relieved from time to time with the ridiculous figure or character, the ludicrous incident, the jests and antics of the buffoon." That Spenser attempts the comic manner no one denies; the question is with what facility and success he attempted it. We cannot now discuss it; we can only say that in our opinion the success is most meagre—is such that we cannot rejoice that he ever tried to succeed in that way. Fooling is not in his line. There is always a feeling of incongruity about his performances. "Our grave and serious Spenser" is not really at his ease in a suit of motley. He need not always, or ever, wear black; but the parti-coloured costume never becomes him.

Geschichte der Jahre 1871 bis 1877. Von Constantin Bulle. Frankreich: Deutschland. (Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot.) Party German puffers have spoken of this author as if he were a Ranke and a Macaulay combined. According to our own estimate, he is an industrious compiler who has fairly mastered the externals of his subject, but his knowledge of men and affairs only goes newspaper-deep, and his book, though well arranged and not dry, is too commonplace to be called literature. However, students of contemporary German history must take what they can get, and writers of leading articles driven to affect acquaintance with German politics may safely borrow from Bulle, who, though a "National-Liberal," is not a mere party hymnologist like Klüpfel, while he is some degrees above the chauvinism and vulgarity of Müller's annual deliverance on current events. We shall get very little satisfaction here if we want authentic statements of transactions in dispute—like, e.g., the so-called French-war "scare" of 1875. Every German knows that "the military party" which at that time wished to attack France was Prince Bismarck, whose hankerings after a third Punic War long survived that incident. But Bulle knows nothing of this, and makes a cloudy statement nearly as misleading as a certain inimitable narrative given by the Prince to the *Times* correspondent. Nor does Bulle help us to look behind facts into secrets of origin and motive—as, for instance, in the case of the Prussian (N.B., not German) Church conflict with Rome. Some Englishmen have been naïf enough to talk of the Bismarck-Falk series of fifteen statutes affecting the clergy as a deliberate scheme of Church policy suggested by Prussia's political necessities, supposed or real. But, in fact, the story of the Prussian *Kulturkampf* is almost as personal as that of the English Reformation as interpreted on the Divorce theory. The *Kulturkampf* is now generally described in Germany as the most enormous of the blunders into which Bismarck has been drawn by his defects of temper and impatience of contradiction. Rome and the Reich had no quarrel, but the Catholics in the Reichstag, assuming the functions of an Opposition, roused the susceptibilities

of Bismarck, who turned a political into a religious combat, extending the sphere of hostilities from the laity to the clergy. Such points of view are missed by Bulle, who also fails to notice Bismarck's mistake in mixing up the State with the "Invidie Fratresche" which grew out of the Infallibility dispute, and his complete miscalculation of the importance of the Old Catholic movement, which has turned out to have no vitality at all. Either from partiality or want of special knowledge, Bulle is often misleading with respect to the secondary German States. He says, for instance, that although the Imperial Press Law of 1874 did not "altogether" (!) satisfy the Liberals, it contained "important improvements, and granted the press a large alleviation by abolishing caution-money and the newspaper stamp." This is completely misleading. The progress assumed was true for Prussia, where the press system was the most reactionary in the Empire; but Saxony, for instance, the Thuringian Duchies, Bavaria, &c., were decidedly thrown back by the new law, which none of the separate Governments would have dared or desired to propose as a local measure. Bulle seems to think that the smaller States have no business with opinions of their own, and he talks as if the Cabinets of Dresden and Munich were guilty of incorrigible Particularism, or even treason, in resisting the attempted encroachments of the National-Liberals on the German Constitution as settled in 1871. The absurd newspaper insinuation is deliberately warmed up that the Saxon Court helped the Socialist leader, Bebel, to his seat in Dresden, and the "anxious reserve and coldness" of the Saxon Government toward the Empire is specially illustrated by their opposition to Prince Bismarck's German Railway Scheme, as though every hobby which the Chancellor takes up became *ipso facto* an object of Imperial policy, even if not introduced for formal discussion, and however energetically combated by the confederated Governments and by unanimous public and Parliamentary opinion.

Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1879. An unconventional Handbook. (All the Year Round Office.) The idea of this book cannot be too highly praised, and its execution does credit to the compiler. A work of this character is expected to be compiled largely with the help of scissors and paste; but this dictionary proves itself on every page to be the result of real honest work. It would be quite possible to criticise adversely some of the details, but these points will probably be discovered by the author, and corrected in subsequent editions, for the book bids fair to become a recognised institution. One point, however, is worthy of especial mention, which is that too much dependence appears to have been placed on the answers to enquiries. Now, it is well known that as a rule the chief institutions neglect to answer these enquiries, but the information can easily be obtained by other means. Under the head of Brooks's Club we find the reference "See Boodle's Club," on looking to which we read the note—"Repeated applications have failed to elicit any reply from the Secretary." Again, although there is a heading of "Scientific Societies," the chief scientific society does not appear there, but under "Literary and Artistic Societies" are the names alone of the Royal Society, the Society of Arts, and the Physical Society; while thirteen lines are allowed to the Aeronautical Society and seventeen lines to the Camden Society. The mass of information either not to be obtained elsewhere or scattered in many volumes which is gathered together here is enormous. The headings of Charities, Churches, Excursions, Hospitals, Hotels, Life Insurance Offices, Newspapers, Omnibuses, Paintings, Railway Stations, and Theatres, are specially useful as containing practical information in a handy form. The Londoner will learn much in turning over the pages of this book, but the visitor, who will find it a safe guide which thoroughly deserves its title of *Unconventional Handbook*, should never let it out of his hands.

Tennysoniana. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. (Pickering.) This useful and readable volume would be more agreeable, would, indeed, be worthy of very distinct praise, if it were not disfigured by what we cannot but call personal impertinences. It cannot be too strongly impressed on all people who sit down to write this kind of book that we do not want to know during a great poet's lifetime how he behaved at the funerals of his aged relatives. We cannot share the author's regret (on page 102) that he is only able to give a meagre account of Mr. Tennyson's private history from 1850 onwards; we wish it were more meagre still. But apart from these blemishes the book is ably and carefully compiled, shows infinite research, and is as amusing a chapter of bibliography as anyone can wish for. Some of the alterations noted are very entertaining. For instance, in the original version of *The Last Tournament* we read:—

"He bowed himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat."

A very pretty and harmonious line, which now stands:—

"But, while he bow'd to kiss the jewell'd throat;" where propriety makes a doubtful gain at the expense of melody and nature. Five lines omitted in all editions of the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* subsequent to the first night at the present moment be revived with less incongruity than ever since 1852:—

"Perchance our greatness will increase;
Perchance a darkening future yields;
Some reverse from worse to worse,
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace."

In the second edition, and there alone, occurs the line

"He died on Walmer's lonely shore."

But the most curious section of the book is that which deals with the earliest of Tennyson's publications, and particularly with the *Poems by Two Brothers*, of 1827. It is very interesting to note how to a careful student the hand of Alfred Tennyson betrays itself in its anonymity in such lines as these:—

"At times her partial splendour shines
Upon the grove of deep black pines,"

recalling a stanza in the *Two Voices*, or by such a couplet as the following:—

"The thunder of the brazen brows
O'er Actium's ocean rung."

But when the author of *Tennysoniana* speaks of the two poets as schoolboys, and marvels at their quoting from the conventional poets of Rome and England, we must remind him that the younger brother was eighteen, and the elder considerably more, at the time of the production of their book. Such familiarity with the sources of literary enjoyment is by no means rare in the case of youths endowed from birth with a strong bias towards books.

In her *History of France*, which appears in Mr. Freeman's "Historical Course for Schools" (Macmillan), Miss Yonge has provided an admirable text-book for the lecture-room. The work is well arranged, and has had the benefit of Mr. Freeman's supervision. Miss Yonge does not, indeed, enter so far as might be wished into the spirit of French progress. Such a sentence as the one, for instance, in which she sums up her estimate of St. Louis by saying that "in the long run his goodness did harm by building up a fabric of power which later kings so dreadfully abused" is sufficient evidence of her weakness as an historian. Granted that it would have been far better for France to have developed itself after the English fashion, the question remains whether such development was possible for France. If not, what Miss Yonge ought to have asked herself was, not whether the French monarchy was abused, but whether the reign of the feudal nobility against which St. Louis contended was not certain to lead to greater abuses still. In later times the authoress gives

but a poor account of the great Revolution. What facts she gives are correctly stated, but she evidently does not feel sufficient interest in the matter to set its aims fairly before herself and her readers.

Shakspeare's Debt to the Bible. With Memorial Illustrations. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. (Hand and Heart Publishing Offices.) The Bible was in some sort an unsealed and a new book to the Elizabethan age; and no wonder that an age so appreciative of what is excellent and best in literature, to say nothing of the feelings prompted by Protestantism, should have studied it with ardour and delight. Among these students was certainly Shakspeare. Perhaps the play in which this fact is most striking is the *Merchant of Venice*. Evidently in forming his conception of the Jew he had consulted the great Jewish writings. This is a subject not yet adequately treated, though several minor persons have tried their hands at it. For the worklet now before us there is little to be said. Of its sixty-six pages, four are given to what may be called "Testimonials" in favour of the Bible. They remind one of those advertisements of sovereign antidotes for all the evils flesh is heir to, in which the virtue of the nostrum is warranted by various grateful survivors. The next twenty pages speak generally of the influence of the Bible, of Shakspeare's religious leanings, and of theatrical performances; the last twelve of the moral influence of the Bible over the literature of the country, with a few words on Stratford-on-Avon. Thus the proper subject extends over about twenty pages. The volume is, in fact, Bibliolatrial rather than Shakspearian. Its value is further reduced by the Biblical passages not being copied out; only the references are given. Lastly, the alleged "debt" is often of the most shadowy description—e.g., when Shakspeare makes King Lear say

"Shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just,"

we are told he is indebted to Deuteronomy xxiv., 21:—"When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow." These are in a way parallel passages; but we do not think any intelligent person will hold that one is the offspring of the other.

Das Russische Reich unter Kaiser Alexander II. Von W. F. Karl Schmidler. (Berlin: Griebeg.) Russia is at such a discount beyond the Rhine just now that we are surprised at the appearance of a popular serial history of the reign of the present Czar, written in the most exaggerated style of Teutonic panegyric. The average German reader likes to see Russia abused, and is, we hope, competent to see the worthlessness of the present publication, which is the mere work of the scissors and gum-bottle. Schmidler attacked his subject without any previous study or consideration. He ventures on the assertion that the death of Nicholas aroused feelings of pain and mourning throughout Germany, where, except by Ultramontanes and Ultra-Radicals, that Czar's memory is still respected! The author overflows with blunders of every kind. For instance, he says that diplomatic relations between the Western Powers and Russia were broken off on Russia's rejection of our ultimatum demanding the evacuation of the Principalities. This is utterly wrong. The rupture occurred when news came to St. Petersburg that the Russian fleet would not be allowed to leave harbour; on learning which, and the cruise of the *Retribution* to Sebastopol, Nicholas sent Sir H. Seymour his passports, holding his hand with regard to the French representative, in the absurd expectation that this little trick would suffice to separate the allies. For another sample of ignorance, we may take the statement of the co-operation of Sardinia, of which Schmidler speaks as an obligatory compliance of Victor Emmanuel with the wishes of his French protector. What happened was that

at an early stage of the war Sardinia offered her co-operation, which was flatly declined, chiefly by the influence of Lord Clarendon, who hated the Subalpine kingdom and used to speak of Cavour as "the greatest blackguard in Europe." Afterwards, when a gloomy view of our military position was taken in London and Paris, the Cabinets were glad to reopen and accept Sardinia's proposals.

Facts and Fallacies of Modern Protection. By B. R. Wise. (Trübner.) This essay contains some skillful arguments and novel illustrations. The history of the iron trade in America is well handled as a typical example of the weakness of Protection. And an effective *reductio ad absurdum* of the policy of creating artificial industries is that the same policy would prohibit the use of the water supplied by nature, whereby capital would be directed to the distilling of salt water, to the advantage of several employments. But the writer has not always avoided the mistake of overstating the case on his own side and understating that on the opposite side. His refutation of Mr. Mill's doctrine that a case is conceivable in which a temporary protective duty is justifiable to nurse an industry in its infancy in a new country, is weakened by pushing it to the length that the duty can in no way benefit the protected producers at first, as being "unable to produce anything," through not having learned the business. That is not necessarily the case. In a new colony the protected manufacturer might start with a scratch team of not wholly untrained workmen. He might have some hands from the mother-country fairly up to the work, others accustomed to nearly similar work, with some raw recruits. Mr. Wise seems to forget both emigration and that even in the mother country there are new hands every year in every branch of manufacture. Again, it is not true that only a universal war could deprive a country of articles for which under free trade it becomes dependent on foreigners. England has been on the verge of war with both the United States and Russia when dependent on them for some of the necessities of life; and all other countries together in a year of bad European harvests might be unable to supply us with sufficient food were we at war with America alone. The truth is that free trade does involve some risks; so does everything in life. A man runs some risk in going out of doors and minding his business; but if he stayed at home on that account he would encounter certain evil to escape a very improbable one. Mr. Wise also goes too far in contending, like Mr. Cairnes, that high wages never disable a country from competing with one in which wages are lower. Wages may be generally high in a country like America because of its great powers of production in some great departments of industry—for instance, agriculture. Yet there may be other departments in which it has no such superiority, but, on the contrary, is inferior to England. In the latter the higher rate of American wages is really an impediment to competition with England. But the true answer to the argument, that it cannot in these departments compete with England, is that its true policy is to keep to the businesses in which it has a superiority, and in which the high rate of wages is more than balanced by efficiency in production. We must add that there seems little ground for the assumption Mr. Wise makes, that Trade Unions would not have arisen in the United States but for the temporarily high profits of certain trades in consequence of protection. Both great inequalities in the profits of trades—those of some being at times extravagantly high—and Trade Unions have arisen in England under free trade.

Ula, in Veldt and Laager. By Charles H. Eden. (Marcus Ward.) A boy's book, written to meet the present demand for Zulu literature. The author is well known in this walk of literature, and he is also a Fellow of the Geo-

graphical Society. We confess to having read his tale of adventure with not a little interest, and we find no reason to question the correctness of his local colour.

The Zulus and Boers of South Africa. By Robert James Mann. (Stanford.) We have here, condensed in a mere pamphlet, two series of events, each of which is capable of supplying a romantic chapter to the volume of universal history. After studying the rapid rise of the Zulu power, we seem to have obtained a key to the military pre-eminence in ancient times of Sparta, Macedon, and Rome. The story of the heroic struggle of the Boers for independence against their English and native foes has a pathos of its own, which must be left for a future generation to recognise. Dr. Mann describes himself as "late superintendent in Natal." So far as facts go, we can trust his information; but his disquisitions on the course of events do not commend themselves for acumen or impartiality.

NOTES AND NEWS.

OUR readers will learn with satisfaction that Prof. Masson has at last come to the end of his labours upon the *Life and Times of Milton*. The sixth and concluding volume of this work, which must remain a standard authority for the history and literature of the time, has now been placed in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for publication in the course of this year. Dealing in Book i. with "The Year of the Restoration and Milton's Doings during that Year," the author passes in Book ii. to "The Clarendon Administration of 1661-1667, the Laureateship of Davenant, and the First Seven Years of Restoration Literature, Milton's Life from 1661-1667, and the Composition of *Paradise Lost*." Book iii. is devoted to "English Politics and Literature 1667 to 1674, and the Last Seven Years of Milton's Life," while the subject is closed in Book iv. by a chapter on "Posthumous Miltoniana."

AFTER twenty years spent in continuous labour on the study of Cornish history, Sir John Maclean has finished his great work on the parishes comprised in the Deanery of Trigg Minor. Fourteen parts, containing the particulars of twenty parishes, have been published. They contain the genealogies of many Cornish families of considerable importance in our national history. The names of the families of Carminow, Cotton, Grylls, Lower, Molesworth, Prideaux, Roscarrock, and Treffry, will be well known to most antiquaries; and in these genealogies Sir John Maclean has concentrated the laborious and protracted study of a lifetime. The Deanery of Trigg Minor includes the borough of Bodmin, the collegiate church of Endellion, and the castle of Tintagel.

WE understand that a pension of 100*l.* a year has been given to the widow of the late Rev. J. S. Brewer, in recognition of his important services to historical literature. This announcement will give universal satisfaction. There could not be a stronger case for the liberality of the Treasury than that arising from the premature death of a scholar so laborious and disinterested, to whose advice the late Lord Romilly and Sir Thomas Hardy were very largely indebted in connexion with the historical publications of the Government.

MR. ARBER has recently issued to his subscribers a fresh set of his accurate and valuable reprints of Old-English literature. The new issues consist of the Rev. J. Udall's *State of the Church of England*; *The Returne from Parnassus*, a play acted by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1602; Decker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*; and an introductory sketch of the Martin Marprelate controversy (the first great outburst of the Puritan party in the Church of England), which the editor has compiled from the

Stationers' registers and State documents. A second volume of the *English Garner* will appear shortly; it will contain reprints of many pieces of historical and poetical interest. We note with pleasure that the sales of the works reproduced by Mr. Arber have reached to more than 120,000 copies, and that the texts already supplied to the public, in spite of their low prices and the costliness of their production, have reimbursed the editor for the outlay which he has incurred in spreading abroad the knowledge of the literature of Queen Elizabeth and the Stuarts.

The Ten Millions of the Begum is the title of M. Jules Verne's new story, a translation of which will appear in the *Leisure Hour*, by special arrangement, commencing in July.

The first number of *Life*, a new weekly journal of art and literature, is to appear next week. It will be edited by Mr. R. Davey, and published by Messrs. Curtilage and Co., of Catherine Street, Strand.

An important work is announced by Prof. Boyd Dawkins on *Early Man in Britain and his Place in the Tertiary Period*. It aims at placing before the reader, in a connected narrative, the results of geological and archaeological research so far as they relate to the history of man in this country. Taking man as the central figure in the tertiary period, the author examines the various changes in his environment which preceded his arrival in Britain, and followed on his appearance in Europe. Further subjects discussed are man's antiquity, his relation to the glacial period, and to existing peoples, his manner of life, the distribution of the Iberic and Celtic races, their manners and customs, their progress in civilisation, and the extent to which they were influenced by the civilised nations of the Mediterranean. Stated briefly Prof. Dawkins' aim is to present a vivid picture of man and his surroundings from the time of his first appearance in Britain to that of the Roman invasion. The subject will be abundantly illustrated by woodcuts and maps, and the book may be expected about the end of the present year.

MR. F. NORGATE has in the press, for speedy publication, a new and revised edition of Dr. Prior's *Popular Names of British Plants*.

MR. BREWER's very carefully selected library has been this week sold by auction by Messrs. Hodgson, of Chancery Lane, and has realised the sum of nearly 1,000*l*.

MESSRS. BICKERS AND SON have purchased the copyright of the well-known Treatises for Self-Instruction called "The Without a Master Series," formerly published by Messrs. Kent and Co.

If the admirers of *Hamlet*—whether in Shakspere's text or Mr. Irving's embodiment, or both—desire a new sensation, they should buy a pamphlet just issued by an acquaintance of Mme. Christine Nilsson's, *A Throw for a Throne* (Wilson & Son, 21 Cornhill), in which Hamlet is made out to be a liar, thief, forger, brigand, and murderer, and his uncle shown to be full of "sacred emotions" and "humbleness of spirit," acting at first towards his guiltily ambitious nephew with affectionate and wise solicitude, and at last "delegating his judicial office . . . to the weapon of the injured son and brother Laertes." In addition to this new view of matters, the buyers of the tract will get pages of the tallest possible talk in blank verse printed as prose:—"Th' eternal shrinking spirit, far midst writhing filmy forms, that tumult in that sea of foul despondence and of woe, thick, seething up in oaths to lurid zones of uncommiserating, never-lessening gloom."

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND SONS have issued, as Vols. VI. and VII. of the authorised translation of the late Count de Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, a portion of an unfinished work intended at one time to form an Introduction to a contemplated Life of St. Bernard. The first book

contains "a picture of the relations between the monastic orders and the feudal system, extending to the eleventh century." The two following are respectively entitled "St. Gregory, Monk and Pope," and "The Predecessors of Calixtus II."

THE contents of the *Annual Register* for 1878 (Rivingtons) could scarcely be deficient in interest, and the editorial care displayed in the preparation of this valuable summary of events political, social, literary, and artistic is as conspicuous as usual. The *Annual Register* is indispensable to every publicist.

THE following announcements are made in Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s "Classical Series for Colleges and Schools":—*Suetonius' Lives of the Roman Emperors*, Selected and Edited by H. F. Bramwell, B.A., Junior Student of Ch. Ch., Oxford, and Craven University Scholar; *Homer's Odyssey*, Books XXI.—XXIV., edited by Sidney G. Hamilton, B.A., Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford; and *Xenophon's Memorabilia Socratis*, edited by A. R. Cluer, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

MR. DAVID BOGUE announces that he will, on July 1, remove the business which, since the death of Mr. Hardwicke, he has carried on under the style of Hardwicke and Bogue, to more commodious premises at 3 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C. After that date the business will be continued in the name of Mr. David Bogue only.

DR. CARL KNIES's long-expected work on *Credit* has just been published at Berlin (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung). It forms the second and concluding volume of his *Geld und Credit*. Dr. Knies is the eminent Professor of Political Science at Heidelberg, whose treatise on the Historical Method in Political Economy forms an epoch in the history of economic philosophy.

A FRENCH society has been formed to promote the study of the history of French Protestantism, and proposes to issue a series of books on this subject under the collective title of "Classiques de Protestantisme." The first of these will be *L'histoire des églises réformées du royaume de France* attributed to the Reformer Théodore de Bayle, edited by Prof. Baum.

WE regret to have to record the premature death of Prof. Ludwig Diestel, an eminent Old Testament scholar, and successor of Oehler at Tübingen. His openness of mind, width of culture, and singular power of exposition justified the hope that his long-continued researches in Old Testament religion would be a permanent acquisition to theology. Between his somewhat crude early treatise called *Der Segen Jakob's in Genes. xlix. historisch erläutert* (Braunschweig, 1853), and his *Geschichte des alten Testaments in der christlichen Kirche* (Jena, 1869)—within its own sphere an altogether admirable work—but little appeared from his pen except articles and notices of books in theological reviews. His thoroughness, discrimination, and urbanity made it always a pleasure to read his critical writings. He was a contributor to the *ACADEMY* in its early days.

THE Swedish historian Abraham Cronholm died at Stockholm on the 27th ult. He was born at Landskrona, October 22, 1809, became a student at Lund in 1825, and took his degree in 1829. In 1832 he published his first important work, a study on the mediæval community known as *Värnangarne*. This was rapidly followed by other volumes on early Scandinavian history. From 1847 to 1851 he was engaged on the *Political History of Skåne*, the southern province of Sweden. In 1857 appeared his *History of the Reign of Gustavus II. Adolphus*, which was crowned by the Swedish Academy. He was engaged at the time of his death on a History of the Thirty Years' War, of which the first volume appeared in 1876. Cronholm was appointed Professor of Scandinavian History at Lund in 1849.

THE widow of the great Swedish poet Runeberg, born Fredrika Tengström, died at Helsingfors, in Finland, on May 28. She was the author of several novels, of which two, *Fru Catharina Boye* and *Sigrid Liljeholm*, enjoyed considerable success.

DR. ARVID AHNELT, the well-known Swedish bibliographer, has just completed a biographical and critical memoir of Leonhard Fredrik Råäf, the antiquary, who died in 1872, in his eighty-sixth year. The volume contains a great deal of new matter regarding Swedish literature in the first half of the present century.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE Italian travellers Cecchi and Chiarini are reported to be prisoners at Juma Abughifar, near Kaffa. King Menelik, of Shoa, having been informed of their mishap, is about to despatch a military expedition to liberate them.

THE Abbé Debaize arrived at Ujiji on April 2. He now proposes to explore the country between the northern extremity of the Tanganyika and the Muta Nziye, as well as the mountain region to the west of these lakes. Depôts of stores are to be formed in Uzige, at the northern end of the Tanganyika, and on the Congo, and these, the Abbé thinks, will enable him to explore the country with a small escort, and without the impedimenta usually associated with African travel.

MR. KEITH JOHNSTON, in consequence of the swollen state of the rivers, has been unable to start for the interior of the country. On May 2 he was still at Zanzibar.

MR. STANLEY and M. Dutalis left Zanzibar on April 26 for Dar es Salam. They were expected back on May 5. Messrs. Cambier and Dutrieux, the other members of the Belgian expedition, are at Tabora, the capital of Unyamwebe.

It is stated that King Mtesa, who has the reputation of being so well disposed to foreigners, has thrown so many obstacles in the way of Emin Effendi, who has been despatched by Col. Gordon on a scientific mission to Uganda and the neighbouring region, that a formal complaint has been made to the Seyyid of Zanzibar.

A FRESH expedition of French missionaries from Algeria is about to proceed to East Africa. They will be accompanied by a number of Belgian Zouaves formerly belonging to the Papal Guard, and will probably start about the end of the present month. Boats are being built for them in pieces at Algiers for the navigation of Lake Tanganyika and the Nyanzas.

WE learn that, after several weeks spent in preparations, a party of missionaries of various nationalities left Grahamstown on April 16 for the upper waters of the Zambesi.

M. PHILIPPE BROYON, who has obtained some reputation during the past two years in connexion with King Mirambo, of Unyamwezi, has announced his intention of starting on an elephant-hunting expedition on the western side of Lake Tanganyika, with the view of making good the serious losses which he has recently suffered from marauding tribes on his way from the coast.

UNDER the title of *Le Canal Interocéanique et le Canal de Suez* M. Marius Fontane has just published a Report which he addressed on May 17 to the International Congress at Paris.

At a meeting of the French Committee of the International African Association, held recently under the presidency of M. Jules Ferry, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps read a Report advocating the establishment of two stations which it was expected would rapidly assume great importance. They would be well stocked with provisions and merchandise, and would lead to a thorough acquaintance with regions which have been only rapidly traversed by previous explorers; travellers

engaged in examining unknown tracts of country would also be able to resort to them to refit. M. de Lesseps proposed that the two stations should be established, the one on the western coast near the Gaboon, and the other on the eastern coast near the points now occupied by other nationalities. He estimated the necessary expenditure at 6,000*l.*, towards which he asked that the Legislature should make a grant of 4,000*l.* After some discussion, in the course of which he pointed out the heavy expenses incurred by the Ministry of Public Instruction on the expeditions of MM. Roudaire, Debaize, and Soleillet, M. Ferry promised to bring the matter under the favourable consideration of the Government.

INTELLIGENCE has been received of the arrival of Col. Prejevalsky on the borders of Thibet on May 13. After leaving Zaissan, on the Chinese frontier, he travelled for a considerable distance up the River Urungu, which falls into Lake Kyzyl-Bashi, and thence made his way over the Tien Shan to Hami.

A TELEGRAM from St. Petersburg states that the railway survey between Orenburg and Samarcand will be continued this year. The explorations will be carried on from the Kara Tongai district along the Jaxartes to Chimkend, Tashkend and Chinaz, and thence to Samarcand. The navigability of the Oxus will also be tested from Khazret Imam to Petroalexandrovsk, and its old bed will be thoroughly examined.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE memorial to the Cambridge University Commissioners on the subject of open scholarships, to which allusion was recently made in the ACADEMY, has now been published. It is signed by about eighty resident members, including not a few distinguished names; but this circumstance cannot exempt it from criticism. Indeed, its vague and negative character appears to have been adopted intentionally, in order to win so general an adhesion. After much consideration, we confess ourselves unable to discover the precise meaning of the document. The language is so framed as to imply a wish to abolish altogether scholarships for open competition; and evidently this is the common interpretation which has been placed upon it. But a more careful reading tends to show that the memorialists limit themselves to condemning the present practice of awarding scholarships "to persons who have not commenced residence." It is not the system in general which they mean to attack, but only one of its less important incidents. We hazard this interpretation with some misgiving, for it seems to save the sagacity of the memorialists at the expense of the power of literary expression possessed by their draughtsman. The subject is not one with regard to which it is wise to deal in ambiguities. There is perhaps no part of our university system so popular throughout the country as the rule of awarding scholarships by open competition. Like the examination for the Indian Civil Service, it satisfies the democratic demand for rewarding merit, and merit alone; and it has powerfully influenced for good the curriculum of our public schools. To tamper with this rule, even in the slightest degree, would inevitably arouse a storm of public indignation. Schoolmasters would complain that their profession was insulted; and the large class of parents with promising sons would cry out that they had been deceived into paying for an education suddenly rendered unremunerative. Hitherto, projects of academical reform have only fluttered the hopes and prejudices of those within the select circle. It will be unfortunate for the cause of real improvement if crude theories are allowed to stir up against the universities a just sentiment of alarm.

But if this apparent attack upon the principle of open scholarships is directed in reality against merely one of the present misapplications of

that principle, we can only wonder that so much cry should be raised about so little wool. The fact that the candidates for scholarships are not already members of the university is a detail of the most petty order, and not to be compared with many other disadvantages that might be named. The prayer of the memorial would be technically satisfied if every candidate were to be compelled to matriculate as an unattached student before being admitted to the competition. This is not the place or the occasion to indicate a general scheme of scholarship reform, which we admit to be sorely needed at both universities. It is enough to have proved that the Cambridge memorialists have clumsily trodden upon the skirts of a large question. They advocate the "extinction of the present system," without telling us plainly what they want to extinguish, and without suggesting any substitute.

LETTERS OF THE POET FERDINAND FREILIGRATH TO THE LITERARY AND MUSICAL CRITIC, HENRY F. CHORLEY.

THE acquaintance of which these letters were the fruit was made in the summer of 1843, when Chorley was travelling in Germany with his brother John, and obtained an introduction to the poet through Mrs. Howitt. The letters were placed at my disposal, among other materials, for my Memoir of Chorley in 1872-3, but, as Freiligrath was then living, I did not think fit to make use of them. As, however, they contain no confidential communications, there can be no impropriety in publishing them now. Their chief interest consists in the obviously faithful picture which they afford of the writer's character, and of the wandering life which his outspoken zeal in the cause of German freedom enforced him to lead. Those, too, who knew Chorley will be gratified by the indirect testimony here afforded to that power of inspiring sympathy and the ready helpfulness which were among his prominent characteristics.

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

(1)

"St. Goar
April 13th/44.

"Dear Sir!

"I hope you will excuse as well my laziness in answering your kind letter of October 16th 1843, as the bad English in which I venture at last to fulfil my duty. Pray accept my best and warmest thanks for the precious *Memorials of Mrs. Hemans* you had the kindness to present me with. The two volumes are quite a treasure to me. I have read them twice and thrice, and they have been a never-to-be-exhausted source of pleasure and instruction to the loneliness of my winter. You are to be envied for having stood near to such a noble and amiable woman, and for having had occasion to erect her such a noble and amiable monument as you have given us in the *Memorials*. I have now finished my translation of a collection of Mrs. Hemans's Poems, and as it is now in print, I hope soon to be able to send you a copy of the book. The publisher has bought the portrait of Mrs. Hemans from Messrs. Saunders and Otley, and I will have the pleasure therefore, to see my own book ornamented just in the same way like yours. In the mean time I beg you kindly to accept of a copy of the newest edition of my Poems, which, as you will see, I have dedicated to our mutual friend, Mrs. Howitt.

"Many thanks also for the *Bells and Pomegranates* of Robert Browning! I am very happy to have made the acquaintance of this vigorous and original poet, whose 'Cavalier Tunes' have quite enchanted me. I have turned just now a perfect radical, but 'Marching along, fifty score strong' is nevertheless a pleasing and charming song to me. What a warlike measure in it! Is it not indeed like a marching army?

"The translations in the *Dublin University Magazine*, I must own it, are not very laudable. What liberties, what amplifications! I owe indeed very much to Mr. Howitt for having spoken so kindly about my poor things in his *Germany*—else, what an idea English readers must form themselves on account of my

poetry, when reading such stuff as this Irishman's translations and smart speeches. How often do I think and speak of you and your brother John! You have been amongst our most honoured and welcome visitors of last summer, and I cannot be thankful enough to Mrs. Howitt for having procured me the pleasure of such a valuable and agreeable acquaintance. Will you stay also this year some weeks in our neighbourhood? How happy would I be for it! Though I leave St. Goar yet I intend to stay at Boppard at least to the end of June, and when you were again at Mr. Wappner's, we would be near enough to each other to see ourselves often. Do you know already that Mr. Wappner's Hotel, 'zum Nassauer Hof,' was devoured by the flames last autumn? It was about midnight—a splendid, but a fearful spectacle. The reflection of the fire in the dark waves of the Rhine was almost magical (by the bye: my black velvet 'magician's coat' is quite torn by hard service—*Sie transit gloria mundi!*). Now the house is rebuilt, larger than before, and ready to receive guests again. As it was insured, Mr. Wappner has had no losses.

"The very day of your departure, looking *par hazard* into a former volume of Ackerman's *Forget-me-not*, I found a fine Welsh legend by your pen: 'The Elves of Caergwyn.' I & Mrs. Freiligrath have read it with great pleasure, though perhaps you have forgotten it yourself since long as an early production.

"I intend to spend some weeks at Ostend in the latter part of summer next. Should I happen at the same time to make a trip over the Channel, it is a matter of consequence that I give you a pressure of the hand at Victoria Square, 15. Let me know what schemes you have made for the season.

"And now, my dear Sir, my best and kindest adieux! Once more and from all my heart: *excuse my laziness!* It is such a bad vice, and a man in a black velvet magician's coat should properly not be guilty of it! Forgive me!

"How does Mr. John Chorley? To yourself and to him my and Mrs. Freiligrath's warmest remembrances! Believe me, dear Sir, always faithfully and gratefully

"Yours

"FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

"H. F. Chorley Esq."

(2)

"Brussels, Rue du Pacheco, 35.
Octb 29/44

"My dear friend!

"Don't be angry with me! When I received your kind and friendly letter of April 29 (to-day six months—a damnd 'German fashion!') I was just leaving St. Goar, and have lived ever since in such a bustle of travelling, bathing, bookmaking and expectation, that, though I had indeed sometimes an hour of leisure, yet I was never in the humour of writing letters. The book I take the liberty of sending you herewith has spoiled my whole summer; in the month of May I was busy to make it ready for the press, afterwards I had to correct the press, and then, when all was finished and the little volume preparing for publication, why then I could not choose but take between my legs the road which leads to Belgium, having no mind, of course, to be put between four walls by his majesty the King of all the Prussians. And so I am now 'over the border and awa,' snugly and safely moored at Brussels near the foot of 'proud St. Michael's tower.' *Perhaps* I can return to Germany in the spring, but it is more probable that I can not. In no case however I shall leave Belgium before I have followed your kind invitation. Thank you warmly for it. As I could not leave Germany sooner than the 19th of August (at the end of which month I did only arrive at Ostend) there was no possibility of seeing you in 'your village,' but rely upon it, that the magician (without his black coat, of course) will perform his sorcery at No 15 Victoria Square before a year has elapsed. And now, my dear friend (let me call you so and throw the 'Sir' overboard), and now, how is it with you? Have you been on the Maine and the Danube? As my final departure from Mayence depended wholly from the printer of my new book (it was printed quite in secret to prevent treachery), and so I had then still some rendezvous with my family in Westphalia, I could not even arrange it to see you on the road (we must almost have crossed each other): but from this very reason I am now very curious to hear from you.

"Are you back from your journey? What work are you about to give to the world? Are you in good health? And how does your brother John, whose political feelings, by the bye, will be offended by many of the poems in my new volume, as I suppose. Be once more 'generous, brave and gentle'! Give me soon an answer, and let me know at the same time, for what reasons 'you should like to have a quiet talk with me'? I promise you once more that ere long you shall have one (your invitation is too kind, that I should not accept it) but in the meantime I wished to know, if there exists perhaps a particular case, which you are inclined to talk over with me. Rely still this one time on my punctuality! Being no more on German ground, be sure that I'll treat you no more 'German fashion.' Still two questions! Dare I send you a small parcel, to be forwarded by your and Mr. John Chorley's kindness to New York? And then can you not add to my collection of autographs some lines of the Hemans, Moore, Wordsworth, Tom Campbell (requiscat in pace—he was a noble fellow 'for a' that'), Procter, Coleridge, Southey, and other of your poets of these latter days? Countess of Blessington, of course, not excepted. You could oblige me immensely by every bit of paper of this kind you would be able to miss! And now adieu, my dear friend!"

"Mrs. Freiligrath returns your compliments! Remember me also to your dear brother! And, once more: may I soon hear, that you have forgiven me!"

"Yours truly

"F. FREILIGRATH.

"Mendelssohn Bartholdy, whom I spoke last summer near Franckfort, brought me your remembrances."

(3)

"35 Rue du Pâchéco
Nov. 28th 1844

"My dear friend, many thanks for your kind, your very kind letter! I have scarcely deserved it, and will be worthy of it at least by answering *this* time in *due* time—How vexing indeed to have passed each other so very near, without having met! But the fault is on my side, and it is but just, that I am not only vexed, but also ashamed. One consolation there lasts:—it is impossible that your servant has seen me the 23rd August at Frankfort. I was on this day in the very heart of Westphalia, near Dortmund, almost half the way between Rhine and Weser. So you see, that either your 'Bohemian' has been mistaken in the person, or that I must go double, heaven protect me!—Now to business!—I must own, that I have mused already myself on 'the practicability of my establishing some literary intercourse with England.' There is more than one reason which could make such a thing desirable to me, and though, after your kind and open communication, I see very well that a happy result would be only a happy accident, yet I don't hesitate to tell you my thoughts about the matter. Well, don't you believe, that *weekly reviews on the contemporary belles-lettres of Germany*, written by my pen, would be an agreeable gift to the lovers of German literature in your country? And, if so, would not one or the other of your first-rate literary Magazines be willing to make me its regular correspondent in this branch? Pray, tell me your opinion about this subject, and if anything should present itself according to my wishes, let me know it in time! I must still add, that my correspondence would be written in German, and must be translated at London into English. Besides, it speaks for itself, that any paper whose columns I should take the resolution to fill must be a paper of liberal political principles; for though of course, I cannot have the intention of being quite as furious in my English criticisms to come, than in my German poems that have been; yet you conceive, that it is impossible for me to engage in anything bearing other colours than those of liberty. The more as my task (though undertaken partly, as I don't hesitate to confess, for the sake of a decent allowance) would be by no means a mere mercenary one: on the contrary—I would fulfil it with my heart and my soul, considering it as the best and noblest means to keep myself *au courant* with home and its literature even in exile. So you know my opinion about the subject. Is yours the same or do you see better means, to establish matters? Well: *Si quid novisti rectius, &c.* In any case write me soon, and let me beg you in the mean time to keep the whole story as a secret, and this letter as a confidential one—I'll look

for the *Athenaeum* of last Saturday, being sure in advance, that our critical and translating friend of Liverpool, though differing from me in our views on political poetry, cannot but fight me gallantly and in the most honourable way. A part of our German papers, viz., those of absolutism and reaction, have treated me basely, quite as I did expect it. The order to 'catch' me has been given directly by the King himself. But the whole edition, consisting of 8,000 copies, is nearly sold at this moment, and Germany knows the volume by heart. But: 'Germany is Hamlet!' And now farewell! My wife unites with me in kindest regards to yourself and your brother John. We wish most sincerely that your health had been strengthened lastingly by the fresh air of the Danube and the Austrian Mountains; God bless you!"

"Truly and affectionately yours,

"F. FREILIGRATH.

"Many thanks for your repeated invitations, and the autograph promise! Next Spring I come! The parcels for *Antwerp* [sic] I have forwarded already *via* Antwerp!"

(4)

"35 Rue du Pâchéco,
8th January, 1845.

"My dear friend! I wrote you a long letter almost six weeks since and as I cannot imagine that you would ever get it into your thorough British mind to usurp my own good right of answering letters 'German fashion,' I begin to suspect, that my said epistle of November 28th has miscarried. Or have you been too much occupied in this busy time of parting and coming years, or worst of all has your illness increased? Pray let me soon hear from you! I could and would not venture to become a monitor in this way, if it was not for my intention of leaving Brussels in some weeks. I don't like this foolish France-aping country, full of popery and Jesuitism, and as I am not rich enough to settle in England or France, I shall probably go to Strasburgh, where I have the Schwarzwald-Mountains in view and where the waves of my own green Rhine will sweep down with them my blessings and greetings to Germany and to my own old hearth. In case you should succeed in procuring me a connexion with one of your literary journals, of course I should entertain it as well at Strasburgh than at Brussels. Letters from Strasburgh to London going over Paris, the distance is not much greater. I have read your brother's very kind and elegant review on my 'Glaubensbekenntniss,'* and I beg you to thank him for it in my name, most warmly and friendly. Our creed on the *genre* of patriotic poetry being not the same, I know the more to appreciate his unprejudiced and indulgent estimation of my verses. Would to God, that all my antagonists in Germany behaved in the same noble and gentleman-like manner. The translations are quite excellent, especially that of 'Freedom and Right.' In the second ('Im Himmel') the last line of the last stanza is false, a circumstance by which the point of the whole poem has been lost. 'Ja—Sie auch, Majestät!' means not: 'Aye, would they, please your Majesty!'—There is much more malice in these words, conveying simply this opinion: 'Aye, you indeed, your Majesty,' that is to say: 'You, Frederic the Great, would have done all this, you have said just now—but—(the malice of this 'but' the old gentlemen keep to themselves) but your great-grandson, Mr. Frederic Wilhelm IV. is by no means the fellow for such doings.'† Have the kindness, to communicate to Mr. John Chorley this little rectification; perhaps he alters the thing, which would make me very glad. And now, my dear friend, my best excuses for my intruding thus with my German-English chit-chat on your precious leisure! As I told you Strasburgh bears the [torn]! When you see the Howitts tell them my most friendly salutations; I

* *Athenaeum*, November 23, 1844.

† The poem describes an imaginary colloquy in Heaven between Frederick the Great and his heroes Blücher, Von Stein and others, wherein, after severely commenting upon the wretched condition to which his unworthy descendant had reduced Prussia, he declares that his own ambition, were he now on the throne, would be to endow it with free institutions and win its eternal gratitude as 'The People's King;' to which the heroes respond in the words quoted above. (H. G. H.)

shall write them still before I leave here. My and Mrs. Freiligrath's kind wishes for the new year—in German we say: 'Pros't Neujahr.'

"Truly and affectionately yours
"F. FREILIGRATH."

(5)

"35 Rue Pâchéco
February 7/45.

"My dear Chorley! Our last letters have crossed each other. Many thanks for yours, and my best and warmest wishes for your health, which, I hope, is better now, since you have made your trip to Liverpool. How sorry am I, that you have not executed your scheme of a journey to Franckfort, which would have given me the great joy of seeing you here at Brussels. I am the more sorry for it as—against all my wishes and anticipations!—I shall not be able to go still to London before I leave Belgium for Strasburgh. I must save now what money I can for my settlement, or in Alsatia, or in Switzerland (for France having expelled last week some Prussian fugitives, it would be rather dangerous to stay for a longer time at Strasburgh), and so you see, that I may think of paying a visit to you only after having won a *lasting* asylum, a centre to which I may return after a longer absence, and where in the mean time, I know safely moored the barge bearing my wife, my sister, my books, and my manuscripts—my best and my only treasures. Let me only have such an asylum, let me only sit snugly again in a little house of my own, and you'll see that I have not forgotten your kind and friendly invitations. We leave Brussels as early as the beginning of March, and as this will be probably the last letter I write you from here, you may consider it as a fare-well! Indeed I have a feeling, as if I had parted from a good old neighbour. England and Belgium are to me only like two houses separated by a street, and the letters we have written each other during this winter appear to me as so many calls *from window to window*. I repeat it—nothing but the peculiar circumstances of my present situation could prevent me from entering also your door. Don't forget my literary plans with your country. You are right: weekly reviews would come rather too often, but what do you say to monthly ones, written in English, and comprising all the literary news of Germany during the last month? I don't deny that an engagement of that kind would be agreeable to me, and with regard to the pecuniary profit I would earn by it! I am no money maker *par principe*, but in a crisis like that, which I have conjured up some months ago, only to be at rest with my own conscience, every honourable way of sustaining myself and my family must be welcome to me. Therefore once more, don't forget the matter—Don't forget my literary plans with your country. How is it with the *Athenaeum*? I should like best to have an engagement with *this* paper, as you are connected with it.* Your brother's translations in the *Athenaeum* of Nov. 23rd have been spoken of with high praise in some of our newspapers. Dare I ask you and him to forward the enclosed letter with next Halifax 'Steamer'? Many excuses and many thanks, of course! And now, my dear friend and (now still) my neighbour, a warm and friendly adieu! Should you have to communicate me anything, your letters find me here till the 1st March—later, direct them to my publisher Victor von Zabern at Mayence. To you and your brother John many kind compliments from me and Mrs. Freiligrath! Will we see you perhaps next summer in Switzerland? I write to you as soon as I have found a new place of abode. Farewell! Forgive all trouble I make you and believe me dear Chorley always affectionately and faithfully

"Yours

"F. FREILIGRATH.

"H. F. Chorley, Esq."

(6)

"Meyenberg near Rapperschwil
Lake of Zurich
July 14th, 1845.

"My dear Chorley!—It is long since when I received your last kind letter, and if I had not been a fugitive (or at least a vagabond) all this time, I was scarcely to be excused. Forgive me once more, dear and honoured friend, and be convinced that it was only my wandering and uncomfortable life which has made

* The desired engagement with this journal was eventually obtained through Chorley's friendly offices.

me a silent—though by no means a forgetting—correspondent.

"Now we have already July, and if my wishes, to see you again next autumn, shall be fulfilled, it is the highest time to write you a word from my present abode, that you may know it and that you can find me. Meyenberg is a small and very decent country house near the little and ugly old town of Rapperschwil, at some hours distance from Zurich. The view from our windows is quite charming—more pleasant and lovely than grand and sublime.

"Nevertheless we see a part of the Alps with their eternal snow: Glärnisch, Mürschentstock, Speer, Säntis are the most considerable summits we see before us, when—they don't happen to be covered with interesting mists. The lake of Zurich spreads at our feet almost in its whole length, a beautiful, many coloured and always varying sheet of water.

"So, my dear friend, you know where I am to be found, and I wish most heartily, that you'll extend your this year's journey to Switzerland and to my solitary tower. When you come still in the month of August, I can also invite you to tarry for a while in my own house—a joy which I would be obliged to resign in September, when Mrs. Freiligrath expects her deliverance. You may imagine how happy we are already in anticipating the pleasures of a merry christening! Would to God, that you were present at its celebration!—

"The country is quiet now, and though it seems to me only a calm before a new storm, yet a traveller and a stranger is as safe as ever. Then don't give up your coming for that reason! Travellers of all description run about the country, quite as in former years. Thursday last even Liszt spent some hours with me. He came from Zurich to see me, and to day still I'll return the visit.

"I promise myself great enjoyment from his concert, and still more from a little soirée, which he intends to give after the concert to some of his Swiss friends in his own rooms at the *Hôtel Baur*. He spoke to me about you with great and real friendship, and sends you many friendly compliments.

"And now, my dear friend, let me hope that some lines from you will soon announce to me that and when I may expect you. When you are once on the Rhine and have established your mother comfortably for some weeks at Nonnenwerth, or St. Goarshausen, it is indeed only a jump to Switzerland.

"From Mayence you can come in not quite three days to Zurich! How do you do? How does your brother John? My and Mrs. Freiligrath's kindest regards to you both! Perhaps your brother comes with you?

"That would be capital!

"Good bye for to day! Believe me always, my dear Chorley, yours very truly and affectionately
"F. FREILIGRATH."

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BODDAM-WRETHAM, J. W. Roraima and British Guiana. Hurst & Blackett. 15s.
HAYARD, H. L'art et les artistes hollandais. I. Michiel van Meerevelt. Paris: Quantin. 10 fr.
HEIM, H. I. Dr. Titus Tobler, der Palkstinafabrik. Zürich: Schulthess. 2 M. 40 Pf.
LOMÉNE, L. de. Esquisses historiques et littéraires. Paris: O. Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
LYNDSEY, Sir David, of the Mount. Works, ed. David Laing. Edinburgh: Paterson. 63s.
PORTALIS, le baron R. et H. DRAIBEL. Charles-Etienne Gancher, graveur. Paris: Morgand. 8 fr.
SCOTT, L. A Nook in the Apennines. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 7s. 6d.

History.

- ACTEN ZUR schweizerischen Reformationsgeschichte in den J. 1521-1532, bearb. u. hrsg. v. J. Strickler. 2. Bd. 1529 n. 1530. Zürich: Meyer & Zeller. 20 M.
CAHILL, F. de. Descartes, la princesse Elisabeth, et la reine Christine. Paris: Goussier-Ballière. 3 fr. 50 c.
GOREZ, A. Mittelrheinische Regesten. 2. Thl. Vom J. 1152 bis 1237. Coblenz: Denker. 8 M.
MEUX, le vicomte de. Les luttes religieuses en France au XVI^e siècle. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
MISSIO foederati Belgii seu missionis Batavicae descriptio, quam Th. de Cock depositio provinciarum muneris s. r. congregationali obtulit a. 1706. Nunc primum ed. A. v. Lommel. The Hague: Nijhoff. 2s. 6d.
PETER, C. Zur Kritik der Quellen der älteren römischen Geschichte. Halle: Waisenhause. 3 M.

"* For writing his name in Mrs. Freiligrath's album, he chose expressly the page on which you had written your sonnet on the Lake of Laach. He liked best to be in your company."

Physical Science.

- BRANDT, J. F. Mittheilungen üb. die Gattung Elasmotherium. 4 fr. Tentamen synopsis Rhinocerotidum viventium et fossilium. 3 fr. St. Petersburg.
CLAUS, C. Die Gattungen u. Arten der Platysoeliden in systematischer Uebersicht. Wien: Hölder.
GRANDIDIER, A. Histoire, physique, etc., de Madagascar. Vol. XII. T. I. Texte. 1^{re} partie. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.
HILLER, A. Die Lehre v. der Fäulniss. Berlin: Hirschwald. 14 M.
LEITZGER, H. Untersuchungen üb. die Lebermoose. 4. Hft. Die Rieeleen. Graz: Leuschner. 16 M.
LOCARD, A. Description de la faune malacologique des terrains quaternaires des environs de Lyon. Basel: Georg. 10 M.
MEHLKOWSKY, C. Etudes sur les éponges de la mer blanche. St. Petersburg. 3 fr. 50 c.

Philology.

- BORGHESI, Œuvres complètes de Bartolomeo Borghesi. T. 9. Paris: Imp. Nat.
JABA, A. Dictionnaire kurde-français. Publié par F. Just. St. Petersburg. 8 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A COMPOSITION IN THE "URSPRACHE."

Trin. Coll., Cambridge: June 7, 1879.

The subjoined attempt at composition in the "Ursprache" may be interesting to your readers. It was written in August last year, as a finale to a course of papers in Philology, and was intended to bring home to the class the inductive side of Indo-European etymology, and to illustrate the character of the language, besides being a sort of problem-paper on the book-work which had been included in the previous papers. I have endeavoured to make the translation as correct as possible, and have submitted it to competent judges for that purpose; but I am aware that it contains some, perhaps many, things on which there will be two opinions. The method I have followed in composing it has been the same as that by which Indo-European roots are ordinarily determined. I have examined all the forms of the cognate languages and deduced from them what was most probably the original one; in some cases the form obtained would probably be only possible and intelligible in Indo-European. In conclusion, I may say that I only claim for the piece one merit—the merit of novelty.

English.

"The sun blazes in heaven moving in mid course; the oxen have crept under the trees and the birds move not their wings in flight. Alone a woman sits, letting the tears fall from her eyes. These words she speaks: 'Father Heaven, who givest good and pleasant gifts to men, thou knowest my desire. The light of day gladdens me not and sleepless nights distress me. King of the Gods, give now to my strong son peace and a glorious life and loose me from my fear.'"

Indo-European.*

"Svars bhagati ani varunai, aimam madhyam yants. garas sasarpanti upa drums na ka avayas kinunti patatrā patantyā-sa. ainā ganā sadayati shavantyā dakravā apa akabhyāms. sā vakati tāms vākams. 'Dyaus patars, tvam dadāsi ghamana-bhyams dānā vavā kalyā ka, tvam vivaidtva laubham mamas. ruks dinasya na tarpati mam naktayas ka ansvapnāms rumpanti mam. rāks daiyām, dadādhi nu sunavai kaurāi mamas ramam givatam ka sukravams, lusadhi ka mam bhayāt.'"

J. P. POSTGATE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS OF S. T. COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH.

Temple Road, Dublin: June 9, 1879.

The excellent edition of the Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, published by Pickering, 1877, includes several poems previously overlooked. Two pieces with which the editor seems to have been unacquainted may be found in "Poems: by Francis Wrangham, M.A., Member of Trinity College, Cambridge. London (1795). Sold by J. Mawman" ("Privately printed" says Lowndes). In his Advertisement Wrangham writes:—"As implying the possession of some invaluable friend-

* Of the period immediately preceding the separation.

ships I feel a pride in stating that . . . the English lines p. 79 with the three stanzas subjoined in a note p. 83 [are] by S. T. Coleridge." The lines are a translation of Wrangham's "Hendecasyllabi. Ad Bruntonam & Grantā exituram." The actress is praised for her rendering of the parts of Monimia and of Juliet. Coleridge's verses begin thus:—

"Maid of unboastful charms! whom white-rob'd Truth

Right onward guiding through the maze of youth,
Forbade the Circe Praise to witch thy soul;
And dashed to earth th' intoxicating bowl;
Thou meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
Clasp'd to her bosom with a mother's care."

The tragic Brunton had become—by a misnomer—Mrs. Merry; Coleridge's verses were sent to her sister with the following stanzas:—

"That darling of the Tragic Muse—
When Wrangham sung her praise,
Thalia lost her rosy hues
And sicken'd at his lays;

But transient was th' unwonted sigh;
For soon the Goddess 'spied
A sister form of mirthful eye,
And danc'd for joy and cried;

'Meek Pity's sweetest child, proud dame,
The fates have given to you!
Still bid your Poet boast her name;
I have my Brunton too!'"

The same volume contains a translation from the French by William Wordsworth to which I do not remember to have ever seen reference made. "La Naissance de l'Amour" is attributed by Wrangham to a shadowy "Anon." The translation is a curiosity; nothing can be imagined more non-Wordsworthian and anti-Wordsworthian:—

"When Love was born of heavenly line,
What dire intrigues disturb'd Cythera's joy!
Till Venus cried 'A mother's heart is mine;
None but myself shall nurse my boy!'"

But, infant as he was, the child
In that divine embrace enchanted lay;
And, by the beauty of the vase beguill'd,
Forgot the beverage—and pin'd away."

Tenderness, Candour, Gaiety, Delicacy, Compliance, and Voluptuous Joy offer themselves each in turn as the foster-mother of Love. Hope is chosen to this important trust, but Enjoyment, disguised as Innocence, proffers her services to Hope:—

"It happen'd that, to sleep inclin'd,
Deluded Hope for one short hour
To that false Innocence's power
Her little charge consign'd.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats fill'd;
And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacherous store:

A wild delirium first the infant thrill'd;
But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more."

It is uncertain whether Coleridge and Wordsworth had met one another when Wrangham's little volume appeared; here certainly for the first time their names appear together in a literary connexion.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

ETYMOLOGY OF ITALIAN "CODA."

6 Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater, W.: June 7, 1879.

According to Diez, even in the last edition of 1879 of his *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der romanischen Sprachen*, page 102, the word *coda*, "tail" is made to derive from the Latin *cauda*. This etymology seems to be justified by the permutation of *au* into *open o* which occurs in a great number of words, such as *oso*, "I dare," *odo*, "I hear," *oro*, "gold," *cosa*, "thing," *chiostro*, "cloister," *foce*, "mouth (of a river)," *frode*, "fraud," *godo*, "I enjoy," *alloro*, "laurel," *lode*, "praise," *moro*, "Moore," *poco*, "little," *povero*, "poor," *posa*, "rest," *moor*, "hoarse," *toro*, "bull," from *audes*, *audio*, *aurum*, *causa*, *claustrum*, *faux*, *fraus*, *gaudeo*, *laurus*, *laus*, *maurus*, *paucus*, *pauper*, *pausa*, *raucus*, *taurus*. The *o* of *coda*, however,

is a very decided shut *o*, as in *rodere*, "to gnaw," from Latin *rodere*, and, in adopting Diez's etymology, it would be the only word in which Latin *au* had become Italian shut *o*. Yet this very strange exception could not be denied if it were not possible to derive *coda* from some other word than *cauda*. Now, *cōda* exists in Latin as a synonym of *cauda*, and it is to be found in Varro and Petronius, in such phrases as these:—*canis sine coda*, *equus coda ampla*, &c. It seems, therefore, natural that to it, and not to *cauda*, the immediate etymology of Italian *coda* should be attributed.

With regard to the quality of long Latin *o* in *coda*, it must have been open neither more nor less than all *o* derived from *au*, as is shown by the actual Italian pronunciation of the *o* directly derived from this diphthong; while such is not the case with the *o* of Italian *coda*, which directly derives from long Latin *o*.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 16.—4 P.M. Asiatic.

8 P.M. Victoria Institute: Annual Address.

TUESDAY, June 17.—7.45 P.M. Statistical: "On tabular Analysis," by Dr. Guy.

8.30 P.M. Zoological: "On the Mollusca procured during the *Lightning* and *Porcupine* Expeditions, 1868-70," II., by J. Gwyn Jeffreys; "On the *Acanthomya leucopus* of Gray," by E. R. Alston; "On the Manatee," by Dr. J. Murie.

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—7 P.M. Meteorological: "Report on the International Meteorological Congress held at Rome, April, 1879," by R. H. Scott; "Thermometer Exposure—Wall versus Stevenson's Screens," by W. Marriott; "On the Hurricane at Mauritius on March 20-21, 1879," by C. Meldrum; "On a remarkable Disturbance of Barometric Pressure observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, on May 18, 1878," by W. Ellis; "Meteorology of Mozambique, Tirohot, 1878," by C. N. Pearson.

8 P.M. Archaeological Association: "Discovery of Roman Remains at Hampstead Norris," by W. Money; "Coronation Medals of George II. by German Artists," by G. G. Adams; "Inscribed Stone in Ely Cathedral," by W. de Grey Birch.

THURSDAY, June 19.—7 P.M. Numismatic: Anniversary. 8 P.M. Linnean: "Carpesium as indigenous to Australia," by F. M. Bailey; "Flora of Northern China," by J. G. Baker and S. Le Marchant Moore; "New Polyzoa," by Prof. G. Busk; "Australian Lichens of R. Brown's Herbarium," by the Rev. J. M. Crombie.

8 P.M. Chemical.

8.30 P.M. Royal.

8.30 P.M. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, June 20.—8 P.M. Philological: "On the Languages of Africa," by R. N. Cust.

SCIENCE.

Medicinisch-pharmaceutische Botanik. Von Dr. Chr. Luerssen. Band I.—Kryptogamen. (Leipzig: Haessel.)

If an apology is necessary for now writing about a book which judged by its title would be outside my experience, I would say that in fact the book scarcely answers to its title; because, although it is intended principally for pharmaceutical readers, and although the medicinal properties of the plants are undoubtedly discussed as fully as they deserve to be in the present state of knowledge, yet the prominent feature of the book is its excellent treatment of the morphology of the families of Cryptogams. In this respect there need be no hesitation in saying that it is at the present moment unrivalled as a student's handbook.

Dr. Luerssen began its publication in 1877, and this unfortunate mode of issuing a work in parts leads to a degree of inequality in the eyes of those who take it up first in its completed form; not, however, so much as might be imagined, since the progress made in the morphology of these earlier groups has not been great in the last two years—if we except the *Bacteriaceae*. Other-

wise the several parts of the book are certainly not far behind the date of their publication.

In the difficult matter of classification Dr. Luerssen has made, perhaps, the best choice open to him in adopting that of Sachs, with here and there alterations, which have been introduced in most cases wisely. For some time, however, there has been a growing dissatisfaction with the Sachs classification. Its insufficiency, and in many respects its artificiality, are becoming more apparent with the advance of the study and the fresh ideas brought out by discussion in the cases of particular families. Instructive in this respect was the discussion between Messrs. A. W. Bennett and Sidney Vines on the position of the *Characeae* (see *Journ. Bot.*, July and December 1878, March 1879), in which neither defended Sachs's position. Dr. Luerssen carefully and fully diagnoses the classes, orders, and families, and of each family the typical genera—a boon to systematic Cryptogamic botanists, which it is hoped they may see their way to accept with less than their proverbial slowness in recognising anything new in morphology. Schwendener's efforts, at least, for their benefit have as yet been in vain. Not only the morphological characters, but the habits of life and the medicinal and economic properties, where known, are carefully dealt with. Throughout the book this system of treatment is unvaryingly carried out; and the small number of even typographical errors is a matter of surprise.

As to the difficulty steadily growing round the nomenclature of organs, Dr. Luerssen does not attempt its solution. Almost any system, if it possessed symmetry, would be better than the present chaos of terms.

GEORGE MURRAY.

Altslovenische Lautlehre. Von Franz Miklosich. (Wien: Braumüller.)

THE *Altslovenische Lautlehre* of Prof. Miklosich, of which this is a third and improved edition, forms a part of his great *Comparative Grammar of the Slavonic Languages*, which is now being gradually reprinted. By its very title the Professor proclaims his antagonism to the views of Schleicher, Leskien, and others who have styled the language Old Bulgarian. This opinion, which Dr. Miklosich probably imbibed from his former master the great Slavist Kopitar, who died in 1844, he has maintained in many of his writings, although he has latterly been fighting almost single-handed. In his *Altslovenische Formenlehre in Paradigmen*, published at Vienna in 1874, he throws down the gauntlet in the following words:—"The language which forms the subject of the present treatise is according to our firm belief, in spite of all opinions expressed to the contrary, that of the Pannonian Slovans in the middle of the ninth century. This was in the succeeding centuries the liturgical tongue of the Bulgarian Slovans, the Serbs, Croats, and finally of the Russians. In the nature of things it was by each of these peoples brought nearer to their own dialect."

In the Preface to the last-mentioned work the whole question is examined with great minuteness, but the majority of Slavonic scholars still remain unconverted and adhere

to the opinion of Schleicher. The reader who desires to see the subject fully handled must be sent to his monograph: *Ist das Altkirchenslawische Altslovenisch?*

At page 20 of the present work we see that Prof. Miklosich maintains the view that the Glagolitic alphabet is the oldest; in which he is again at variance with the author of the *Formenlehre der Kirchenslawischen Sprache*. Merely to state the arguments on this difficult subject would occupy much more space than I can legitimately claim; the view of Schleicher that this grotesque-looking alphabet is modelled upon the Cyrillic appears more sober. The two questions divide the Slavonic camps, and they are not discussed on philological grounds only: feelings of religion and nationality are introduced; perhaps in our more western part of Europe the matter can be viewed in the "dry light" which Bacon thought so necessary for all investigations.

However these things may be, there can be no question that the Comparative Grammar of Miklosich is a noble work, a monument of genius and industry. It is valuable not only to the Slavonic student, but to all philologists, certainly to those who busy themselves with the Indo-European branch. The study of "Slavistic" is so depreciated in this country that we run the risk of forgetting the great light thrown upon other members of the same family by this richly-developed and highly-synthetic group. Thus, for instance, Dr. Miklosich continually traces the affinities of Sanskrit and Old Bactrian—or, as we persist in calling it, Zend—with Slavonic.

I will now call attention to some portions of this work which seem especially valuable. The treatment of the nasals (p. 34) is exhaustive. The fact that there were nasals in Old Bulgarian—as I must take leave to call it *pace tanti viri*—was first pointed out by Vostokov. Among the Neo-Slavonic languages they are completely preserved only in Polish and a dialect of the Bulgarian; but traces can be found in the Modern Slovenish, and their existence in Polabish, the extinct language of the Slavs on the Elbe, has been shown in the masterly monograph of Schleicher. Their importance in the study of Slavonic phonetics needs no comment. The grouping of the consonants in the *Lautlehre* will strike the reader as peculiar, but it is scientific. Dr. Miklosich is right in calling *f* an un-Slavonic sound *primarily*: I say "primarily" because it has crept into some of the modified sounds of the later dialects. But here the cognate Lithuanian will furnish us with an illustration in the form "Priczkus" for "Fritz;" and we may also compare "Bedrich" for "Frederick" in Bohemian. Continually in this work we have very happy illustrations of Slavonic from the (old) Prussian, Lithuanian and Lettish: thus how interesting is the form "nevints" (nine), which has become corrupted in the Slavonic languages into "devet" from supposed analogy with "deset" (ten). Again compare the Russian "osa," a wasp, with the Lithuanian "vapša," Prussian "wobse."

The rationale of the final *e*'s—for I must express the sounds thus clumsily, despairing of Cyrillic type among our printers—is given at great length, and much light is thrown upon this complicated question. The Ser-

vians ignore these sounds, but the stronger *e* is used in Neo-Bulgarian, the pronunciation, however, being greatly modified. The deep guttural *i*, so striking a sound in Russian and Polish, is discussed at great length (p. 149). It is a characteristic of the Slavonic languages, but is found in Turkish and Roumanian. Metathesis is also much developed in this family: cf. "brada, borda," "mlad', molod'." Prof. Miklosich has well illustrated this law of Slavonic phonetics. Among other points I may mention the dislike of the Slavonians to begin words with *a*, *e* or *o*, pure; many of the words commencing with these vowels have been introduced from foreign sources, but everywhere the excessive tendency to praeiotisation is conspicuous. Cf. "jabloko" (German *Apfel*), "edin," pronounced "yedin," and the custom of putting *v* before the *o* as in "osem, vosem." This occurs to a certain extent in the written Russian language, but is everywhere common in the pronunciation of the lower classes, as I have myself noticed both in Russia and Bohemia. In the Lusatian-Wendish (or Sorbish) language spoken in the northern part of Saxony and south of Prussia (round Bautzen and Cottbus) we get a *w* before many words which begin in other Slavonic languages with a simple *o*. This peculiarity is so developed in the last-mentioned tongue that it may claim to be a leading characteristic; thus "worjel," eagle, Russ. "orel": "wosoba," person, Russ. "osoba," &c.

These brief remarks must suffice on this portion of the work of the great Slavist to whom all scholars owe so much. We must be grateful, not only for this *opus magnum*, but also for the valuable Palaeo-Slavonic Lexicon (now in a second edition) and many papers published in the *Proceedings* of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna. I may also here mention that when our Early English Text Society (*floreat in aeternum*) issued its interesting reprint of Andrew Borde's *Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, it was the Austrian professor who discovered that the dialogue in "Egyptian" and English on page 218 was the first known specimen of the Gipsy language. Prof. Miklosich is at the present time at the head of the masters of Slavonic philology, and he is worthily supported by such men as Jagić, Leskien and Nehring. Nor must we forget the names of Bezzenberger, Brückner, and Kurschat, who, since the death of Schleicher, have done so much for the cognate studies of Prussian, Lithuanian and Lettish.

W. R. MORFILL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Action of isomorphous Salts in exciting the Crystallisation of supersaturated Solutions of each other.—Mr. John M. Thomson, of King's College, has just read an interesting paper on this subject before the Chemical Society (*Jour. Chem. Soc.*, May 1879). He points out that two explanations have been put forward to explain the action: one, that the crystallisation is induced by the entrance of a particle of the same salt; and the other, that a purely physical cause, such as the presence of greasy, fatty, or oily matter in thin films, may be found active in exciting the crystallisation. A solution of potassium triiodide,

which had remained under a desiccator for a considerable time without change, was found after a short exposure to the air to be filled with crystals of the triiodide. The solution had undergone supersaturation, and its deliquescent nature would most probably prevent its floating in the air as a solid; it obviously was not a particle of the salt itself which excited the crystallisation. In his experiments the supersaturated solution was placed in a flask, and that of an isomorphous salt to be employed as nucleus in a thin glass bulb, which was supported in the neck of the flask with a plug of cotton wool. The solution in the bulb-tube having been boiled, the tube was stoppered with cotton wool. The contents of the flask were again boiled and the arrangement placed aside for eighteen or twenty hours. To perform an experiment the solution in the bulb-tube was crystallised by touching with a platinum wire, and the bulb-tube, lowered into the liquid of the flask, allowed to remain there some time to see that the introduction of the glass into the fluid did not cause crystallisation, and finally lightly broken in the fluid. Only a few examples of activity can be mentioned here. The action of isomorphous sulphates on magnesium sulphate was very successful. Zinc and nickel sulphate were active at once; cobalt and iron sulphate, after some time; nickel sulphate with $6H_2O$, iron with xH_2O , and cobalt with xH_2O , after some time. Sodium selenate with sodium sulphate crystallised immediately; chromium and iron alums with common alum were active. Hydro-disodic arsenate with the corresponding phosphate crystallised immediately and very rapidly. The experiments with the sulphates of magnesium, nickel and zinc, confirm the results of Gernez, published in 1866. The general results arrived at by Mr. Thomson are:—(A) when the mixture consists of two salts which are not isomorphous: (1) Sudden crystallisation may take place, gradually spreading through the solution on the addition of a nucleus, causing a deposition of the body belonging to the nucleus only; (2) That when sudden crystallisation takes place, causing the deposition of both salts, there is a preponderance of the salt of the same nature as the nucleus; (3) That the nucleus may remain growing slowly in the solution, becoming increased by a deposition of the salt of the same nature as the nucleus. And (B) when the mixture consists of two isomorphous salts: (1) Sudden crystallisation may occur giving a deposition of both salts, apparently in the proportions in which they exist in solution; (2) That when slow crystallisation takes place, the nucleus increases by a deposition of the least soluble salt, showing that in mixed supersaturated solutions a gradation of phenomena may be experienced, passing from those shown in the crystallisation of a truesupersaturated solution to those shown in the crystallisation of an ordinary saturated solution.

Discovery of Silurian Rocks in Hertfordshire.—A deep boring for water at Ware, in Hertfordshire, undertaken by the New River Company, has lately yielded results of extreme interest to geologists. A short description of the boring, by Mr. Etheridge, has recently been published in the *Times*; and the June number of the *Geological Magazine* supplements this account by a list of the fossils which have been obtained from the cores extracted from the bottom of the bore-hole. After passing through the chalk and the gault, the borer should, if the strata followed their normal sequence, come down upon the Lower Greensand or Neocomian beds. In the boring at Ware, however, the Lower Greensand was absent, and the borer, after penetrating the gault, immediately entered rocks which were unquestionably palaeozoic. These strata dip at an angle of forty degrees, but it is not yet known, we believe, to what point of the compass they are directed. The strata belong to that division of the Upper Silurian group which is known as the Wenlock Shale. The cores are richly fossiliferous, and a list of twenty-eight species, including some highly cha-

racteristic fossils, is given in the *Geological Magazine*.

The Origin of the "Gonidia."—It is no new thing for lichenologists to dispute among themselves, but until lately they were in accord as to the origin of the "gonidia." In fact, accord on this subject is the mainstay of their existence, and trifling with it was left "to such as Schwendener" until the publication of Dr. Minks' "Das Microgonidium" (*Flora*, 1878, Nos. 15-18). In this paper Dr. Minks, who has since been supported by Dr. Müller, of Geneva (*Arch. d. Sciences Physiques et Naturelles*, 1879, No. 1), started a new lichenological explanation which is just as absurd as the old one, and he has been promptly reproved by the more orthodox. In *Grevillea* (March and June) Mr. Mordecai C. Cooke has made a "demonstration," in the popular sense of the term, in favour of lichenology. He does not advance any new argument, but indulges in much disparagement of the usual kind of his opponents, and the concourse of his words is sometimes so fortuitous as to be scarcely intelligible. "Their best friends," he tells us, "are silent in their commendations of Schwendener and Co." This is surprising, since, if it could possibly be accurate, Mr. Cooke might have spared himself the no doubt disagreeable duty of writing very hard things of those whose contributions to science have been so fruitful in supplying materials for his literary works.

A Titaniferous Chrysolite.—M. Damour has described a titaniferous chrysolite from Zermatt, Switzerland (*Bull. Soc. Min. France*, ii., 15). It has a red colour similar to that of almandine garnet, and the specific gravity 3.27. Analysis shows it to consist of silicic acid, 38.14; titanate acid, 6.10; magnesia, 48.31; iron protoxide, 6.89; manganese oxide, 0.19; and loss by ignition, 2.23; total=99.86. This gives almost exactly the required ratio of 1:1 for bases to silicon.

DR. DAVID MOORE, Curator of the Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, died on June 9. His principal contributions to botanical science were the *Cybele Hibernica* (joint-author with Mr. A. G. More), *Irish Mosses* and *Irish Hepaticae*—works of generally recognised merit. By his death the Glasnevin Gardens lose a Curator whose skill in practical gardening has probably never been surpassed. His son, Dr. F. W. Moore, is Curator of the College Botanic Gardens. Dr. Moore was a native of Dundee.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE two most important papers in the last number of the *Rheinisches Museum* (vol. xxxiv., part 2) are that of Scheer on the criticism of Lycophron's *Alexandra*, and that of Bergk on the lists of names recently discovered in the neighbourhood of the theatre of Athens. These names are in Bergk's opinion names of the victorious dramatists, not, as Kumanudes thinks, of actors. Kaibel publishes a number of supplementary Greek epigrams transcribed from inscriptions. Blass ("Stichometrie und Kolumetrie") supports against Graux his opinion that the length of the *στίχος* was determined by the sense of the words, not by the number of letters. W. Foerster, in an essay on "Hyginus De Munitioibus Castrorum," argues that the date of Hyginus may well be the end of the third century A.D. C. Wachsmuth ("Das Tetrobolon als Richtersold in Athen") shows that the payment of four oboli to the dicasts may have been introduced by Callistrates. An instructive essay on the Latin suffixes *-tia* and *-tio* is contributed by H. Düntzer. Blümner has notes on Horace *Sat.* ii., 5, and Rohde on Iamblichus' Life of Pythagoras.

In the *Hermes* (vol. xiv., part 2) Wilamowitz-Möllendorf has three interesting papers: (1) *Parerga*, or miscellaneous emendations in Greek

authors; (2) an essay on Phædo of Elis; (3) a comparison of the Galliambi of Callimachus with those of Catullus. Tiedke contributes a paper on the law observed by Nonnus with regard to the fifth arsis of his hexameter, discussing in particular the accentuation of the words admissible in that part of the verse. Schrader ("Porphyrios bei Eustathios zur *Boworia*") endeavours to show that many of the Scholia of Porphyrios quoted by Eustathios are to be referred to the work of Porphyrios *Περὶ παραδεδειγμένων ὀνομάτων*. Some emendations in Greek inscriptions are contributed by R. Ellis. Vahlen has an essay on the *Philebus*; Lehmann notes on Cicero; Draheim on Ovid; A. Jordan on the later Platonists; H. Jordan on Frontinus, Horace, Simonides, and some Pompeian inscriptions. H. Haupt concludes his treatise on the Plautian excerpts attributed to Dio Cassius; and Dittenberger contributes a short paper on the name Ketriporis.

IN Neubauer's collection of Jewish commentaries on the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah (ACADEMY, vol. xi., p. 440), the commentary No. XVII. is doubtfully ascribed in the Table of Contents to R. Eliezer, of Beaugenci. The Rev. J. W. Nutt, of the Bodleian Library, already well known for his contributions to the cause of Hebrew and Samaritan learning, gives us the Hebrew text ("from a unique Bodleian MS.") of this author's work on Isaiah, as a first instalment of his *Commentaries on the Later Prophets* (Baer and Co.). The editor, who is well qualified to speak on the merits of his author, remarks that his commentary "may perhaps be thought to throw but little light on the meaning of the prophecies it endeavours to explain, and to offer no great information in the way of Hebrew lexicography and grammar, and yet on further consideration may be of interest in showing the condition which Biblical exegesis had reached in France at the latter part of the twelfth century of our era (p. v.). . . . he was no unworthy pupil of his distinguished master (Rashbam) . . . who, however, seems to have done really but little in the cause of exegesis" (pp. xxvii.-xxix.).

He appears to have commented upon the books of the Pentateuch and the later prophets (with perhaps one or two exceptions), and on the Psalms and Job; and it is his eccentric interpretation of מִשְׁחָה in Is. lii., 14, compared with Mal. i., 14, which helps to identify him with the author of the commentary on the minor prophets found in the same manuscript. The editor's Introduction contains an able and interesting historical sketch (pp. v.-xxx.) of French rabbinical literature, a subject which is treated more at length in the course of the well-known *Histoire Littéraire de la France*. This will appear to many readers the most interesting part of the volume; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Nutt, who has before this given proof of his aptitude for this species of compilation, may be induced to continue his labours in the same direction, and to supply an acknowledged desideratum in our language by presenting us with a succinct and trustworthy sketch of the development and history of the non-Biblical Jewish literature in general.

FINE ART.

Roma Sotterranea: or, an Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of St. Callixtus. Compiled from the Works of De Rossi, with the Consent of the Author. New Edition. By the Rev. J. S. Northcote and the Rev. W. R. Brownlow. Part I.—History. (Longmans.)

It is not too much to say that De Rossi's work in the Catacombs has for the first time given a firm basis to enquiries into the Christian Archaeology of Rome. Everything was wrapped in such a mist of legend, and there were so many spurious

and forged writings, that even Burnet doubted the whole story of the Catacombs. There is nothing more disheartening to the student of early Church history than the amount of forgeries. We have a genuine letter of the Church of Rome to the Church of Corinth at the end of the first century, which is on good authority attributed to St. Clement of Rome; but there are a great number of forged writings under the name of St. Clement, and the religious romance known as the Clementines unfortunately obtained general credence so early that its stories about St. Peter and Simon Magus became part of the received Church history. Aldhelm relies on this authority when he asserts that the tonsure used in the British Church owed its origin to Simon. The author of the *Forged Decretals* crowned the work when he composed a whole series of letters for the Popes of the first three centuries.

De Rossi had a worthy predecessor in Bosio, whose *Roma Sotterranea*, published in 1632, after his death, had all the effect of a new discovery, but his researches were incomplete, and the subject sank again into obscurity, while the authorities at Rome failed to prevent enormous destruction in the Catacombs that had been already opened. De Rossi's work for the last thirty years has at last put the real evidence before us, and his learning and marvellous power of induction and scientific method have enabled him to reconstruct the history from that evidence. "The masonry, and marks and names on the tiles, the quality of the plaster (where any has been used), the mode of execution and artistic style of the paintings, and the choice of subjects, the use of stucco, or of mosaics, the use of sarcophagi, whether of marble or terra-cotta; the form of the graves, whether mere shelves in the wall or large square-headed or arched recesses; the language, style, symbols, names, writing, and spelling of the inscriptions—these are the solid and exact bases on which he has conducted his analysis below ground; and the acuteness, learning, and industry with which he has sought and interpreted MSS. throughout the chief libraries of Europe have not been less admirable. Even more valuable than the several discoveries and identifications of important monuments which he has thus been enabled to make is the fact that he has succeeded in establishing certain chronological canons, which are daily more and more confirmed by experience, and by which everything of a similar kind found elsewhere may now be tested." For, as he himself says, speaking of earlier works on Christian Archaeology, the misfortune was that even those monuments which had been most copiously illustrated with abundant quotations from ancient writers nevertheless almost always remained in a state of hopeless uncertainty as to their precise date, their *rappports* with history, with the development of the Christian society, its arts, and its whole history, both external and internal. This chronological arrangement is our only hope, since the known inaccuracy and occasional spuriousness of the Acts of the Martyrs and other authorities had led even Bosio to many erroneous conjectures. The Catacombs used to be supposed of heathen origin, but De

Rossi maintains that they are entirely due to the Christians, and thinks that the pagan inscriptions found in some of them are merely stones brought there to be reworked.

It is curious to notice how the later Roman Church, when it became Latin instead of Greek, lost the knowledge of its own earlier history, so that all traditions perished even about leading writers, such as Caius and Hippolytus. When did the change take place? Niebuhr was inclined to think that Roman civilisation sustained its great shock when the Oriental plague spread into Europe under Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 167, and committed the most dreadful ravages at intervals during the next hundred years. The higher and middle classes which knew Greek were so reduced by it that the Latin spoken by the lower classes gained the upper hand, while the old literature and art never recovered from the blow. After a century the plague decreased, and from Diocletian's time there was a partial recovery, but the Roman world was no longer the same. Pope Damasus (A.D. 366-385) restored the Catacombs and set up the beautiful inscriptions cut by his artist Furius Dionysius Filocalus; his work in identifying the old sites must have been no light one, and we must remember that we have to start from him and work backwards. The surest evidence that we have of an earlier date consists in the inscriptions, such as that of Pope Cornelius (p. 272) and others so happily put together by De Rossi. But the paintings are not such safe evidence, because they have been retouched and restored, especially after the ruin caused by the Lombards, A.D. 756, when Paul I. complains that whereas, even before the siege of Rome by Astolphus, some of the Catacombs had been neglected and ruined, yet by the impious Lombards the ruin had now been made more complete. The difficulty of identification is increased by the Popes having transferred many bodies of saints from the Catacombs to various churches in the city. Of course the difficulty is greater when we get back to the second and still more to the first century. The earliest inscriptions with consular dates are of the years 107 and 110. It is in this early part that Dr. Northcote's book is most unsatisfactory. We cannot think that he did well to reprint from his former edition his translation of the well-known lines:—

"Hac cathedra Petrus qua sederat ipse locatum
Maxima Roma Linum primum considerare jussit,"

which one would naturally construe "Rome placed Linus in the chair in which Peter himself had sat," but our authors actually make "maxima Roma" the ablative case, that they may construe "In this chair, in which Peter himself had sat, he ordained Linus first to sit with him [as bishop], established in great Rome," and in a note they abjure the "laws of prosody," because some epitaphs are incorrect. This was pointed out in Wharton Marriott's *The Testimony of the Catacombs* as long ago as 1870, to which book we would refer our readers for good criticisms on other disputed points, such as that about the so-called "Chair of St. Peter," which was shown by order of Pius IX. in 1867, and proved to be a wooden *sella gestatoria*, a sort of sedan-chair suited for out-door use, with a number of ivory

ornaments added to it which are probably Byzantine work of the ninth century. It is also worth while to refer to Dr. Salmon's article on "The Chronology of Hippolytus" in *Hermathena* (vol. i., p. 82, 1874), in which he makes it probable that the Roman Canon of the Mass is right in giving the names of the first three Popes in the order Linus, Cletus, Clement; that Clement lived at the end of the first century; that Hippolytus was the first who constructed a chronology for the succession of early Roman bishops; and that the number of twenty-five years assigned to St. Peter's episcopate was merely a chronological inference by Hippolytus, who, like Irenaeus, accepted the Pseudo-Clementines as historical. But we gladly leave these controversial matters, which do not really touch the question of the Catacombs.

The account of the earlier monuments is especially attractive. Thus the interest attaching to the sarcophagus of Aurelia Petronilla (possibly a relative of the more famous St. Domitilla) is great, and the Martyrologies describe her as the "daughter of St. Peter," apparently from her name; but De Rossi has pointed out how untrustworthy many of these Martyrologies are; in fact, the Acts of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, the chamberlains of St. Domitilla, is a work of the fifth or sixth century. The only cemetery which De Rossi has fully described is that of St. Callixtus, and our authors rightly devote the whole of their fourth book to it. The first book gives the history of the subject, the second book describes the Origin of the Catacombs, the third the History of the Catacombs, the fifth book the Testimony of the Catacombs. The inscriptions are well characterised in a separate publication by our authors, which has been already noticed. A forthcoming volume will treat of the Art of the Catacombs, and there, no doubt, the question of the restorations of the paintings will be reconsidered. This volume is an exceedingly interesting one, and if a few very disputable points had been omitted, which should have been reserved for a separate controversial discussion, would be read with pleasure by everyone. On the general subject of early Christian Archaeology and its method there is a valuable inaugural address lately published, with very full notes, by Prof. F. X. Kraus, of Freiburg in Breisgau, entitled, *Ueber Begriff, Umfang, Geschichte der Christlichen Archäologie und die Bedeutung der Monumentalen Studien für die historische Theologie*. C. W. BOASE.

ART BOOKS.

Hans Holbein. Par Paul Mantz. Dessins et Gravures sous la Direction de Edouard Lièvre. (Paris: Quantin.) The history of Hans Holbein, so long involved in doubt and obscurity, has of late years been subjected to strict investigation, which has resulted in throwing a considerable amount of new light upon it, though it cannot be said, even yet, to shine out very clearly. The labours of Dr. Alfred Woltmann in Germany, and the late Mr. R. N. Wornum in England, have undoubtedly, however, accomplished good service, not so much perhaps in establishing new facts as in sweeping away old falsehoods. So thoroughly, indeed, have these two writers worked the Holbein field, gathering up every little grain of corn and

separating the husk from the wheat, that they have left but poor gleanings for any biographer coming after them. M. Paul Mantz honestly admits, in fact, that he believes that Dr. Woltmann "sait à propos de son héros tout ce qu'il est possible de savoir": he does not profess to add any discoveries of his own, or to throw any fresh light upon vexed questions, but he records with admirable perspicuity the whole of the knowledge that has been gained, sets the facts that have been verified in a clear light, and often enables his readers to understand difficult points that Holbein's more laborious historians have left involved. Thus, at the very outset of Holbein's life, the investigator is stopped by the doubts concerning the date of his birth. M. Mantz restates the reasons given by Dr. Woltmann in his last edition for fixing it in 1497, and reproduces the drawing in the Berlin Museum that would seem to assign it to this date; yet he points out distinctly that this date can only be accepted provisionally until further evidence confirms it. That of 1494-1495, accepted by Wornum, has been rendered more than doubtful by the discovery that the inscription upon which it chiefly rested was a forgery. Fortunately the date of Holbein's death, in 1543, seems to be established satisfactorily; at least those who still affect to doubt it are for the most part possessors of portraits painted after that date which they would fain believe to be genuine Holbeins. M. Mantz never allows his judgment to be blinded. Not having the enthusiasm of original discovery to carry him away, he sees the whole bearings of the subject and does not, therefore, attach a supreme importance to some little documentary evidence that happens to have been newly discovered, to the neglect of information that has long been familiar. He tells, in fact, the story of Holbein's life with considerable effect, so far as it is known, and where all is conjecture he points this out and warns his readers against accepting ingenious surmises for established facts; as, for instance, with regard to the wall-paintings of the *Dance of Death* at Chur, in Switzerland, concerning which Herr Voegelin brought forward a little while ago a bold hypothesis as to their having been executed by Holbein on his way back from Italy (see *ACADEMY*, Sept. 30, 1876), the journey to Italy itself resting on an hypothesis that has never been verified. So much room for conjecture has, indeed, been left us in Holbein's history that everyone feels tempted to fill up the blank spaces with his own imaginings of what it might have been; and it is no small credit to the French biographer that he has resisted this temptation, and has produced in the attractive form of a splendidly illustrated volume a really trustworthy and excellent biography upon the foundations laid by his predecessors. With regard to the illustrations of this magnificent work one scarcely knows whether to bestow most praise on their quality or quantity, both being so remarkable. In the first place, there are no fewer than twenty-eight etchings and engravings *hors texte*, several of these being of the highest degree of excellence—as the portrait of Holbein's wife and children, very carefully etched by Courty from the picture of this unhappy-looking, ill-favoured woman in the Basle Museum; the portrait of Erasmus, in the Louvre, etched by Lefort, with all the force of which black and-white is capable; and the clear light etching, by E. Lièvre, of the portrait of Holbein himself at Basle, the same that is engraved in a far inferior manner for the frontispiece of Wornum's *Life*. The original is a drawing on vellum, in body colour, and is very valuable in enabling us to judge of Holbein's looks at this early period. One cannot imagine his character to have been, as some writers have tried to make out, entirely depraved when he preserved such an open, honest expression. Besides these we are given the whole of the ten drawings of *The Passion*, in the Basle Museum; a series of "Costumes of the Ladies of Basle in the Sixteenth Century," seemingly a set of fashion-plates, very edifying to study at the

present day. Both the *Passion* and the *Costumes* series are stated to be executed by E. Lièvre, who has taken the artistic direction of the volume, though we cannot quite understand the distinction that is made between those said to be *par Lièvre* and those *après Lièvre*. All these are, as before stated, engravings *hors texte*, while in the text there are very nearly 300 illustrations, mostly woodcuts, including the 83 designs for the *Moriae Encomium* of Erasmus, 24 for the *Alphabet of Death*, 45 for the *Dance of Death*, and 94 for the Old Testament. Altogether it will be seen that the publisher of this work, M. Quantin (it could be no other), has succeeded in producing a veritable *livre de luxe* that will be likely to afford great pleasure to lovers of the German master, and much instruction to those who have but a slight acquaintance with his works.

Der Todtentanz von Hans Holbein, nach dem Exemplare der ersten Ausgabe im kgl. Kuppestich-cabinet zu Berlin, in Lichtdruck nachgebildet, von F. Lippmann. (Berlin: Wasmuth.) This is a facsimile reproduction of the first edition of Holbein's *Dance of Death*, which was published at Lyons in 1538 by the brothers Melchior and Caspar Trechsel. The vigorous engravings of this remarkable series can be better appreciated in this reproduction than in most of the reprints. The photographs are remarkably clear and bright.

M. RIS-PAQUOT, the author of more than one interesting work on the subject of rare porcelains, has somewhat recently published through M. Raphael Simon, of the Quai Voltaire, a book already likely to become difficult of acquisition, for the number of copies printed is not very considerable, and the cost and difficulty of again reproducing the illustrations which grace the volume are likely to deter the author from any attempt at reissue. The *Manuel du Collectionneur de Faïences anciennes* claims to be a book initiating people of the world as well as the would-be amateur in the knowledge of fine china, and M. Ris-Paquot, with great care and evident love of his subject, passes in review the different schools. But, though nominally addressing himself to the task of describing the china of all ages and lands—wherever, that is to say, it has risen to the distinction of engaging the attention of the collector—M. Ris-Paquot has really concentrated himself upon the porcelains and potteries of France. Jacquemart—the late Albert, we mean—aided by the marvellous etchings of his son Jules—has been before our present author as regards all that concerns the ceramic art of the East. Of England—a much wider field than our present author supposes for the study of fine porcelains—M. Ris-Paquot appears to be ignorant. He has done his best, we are sure, as regards England, from such information as he was unfortunate enough to receive; but it is of course wholly amusing to the English amateur to read of "Bradwell, Burslem, Liverpool," and of no others—to find passed by in utter silence the regal colours and the gold of Crown Derby, the humble creamy basket-work of Leeds, the fine hard porcelain of Bristol, so rare and precious—sometimes, alas! so uncomely—the great blues of Worcester, the chastened brick-red hues and severely ordered forms of exquisite Chelsea. But we have not the slightest intention of bearing at all severely upon M. Ris-Paquot in that the book does not really cover so extended a space in the history of china as he imagines; on the contrary, we accept the book with the greatest possible pleasure because of the value and interest which we attach to that main portion of the book in which M. Ris-Paquot discusses and elucidates the porcelains of France. Generally the English amateur knows nothing of these French fabrics, save, of course, the world-famed fabric of Sèvres. Of the modern rage for Rouen, and of its justification in the excellence and variety of Rouen ware, he is habitually ignorant. M. Ris-Paquot instructs him in the pleasantest way. For not

only does he describe the general character of the porcelain with which he is dealing, but he accompanies the description with illustrations printed for the most part in colours, but retouched with the hand—a process which gives to these illustrations great virtue and interest, as fine sketches of porcelain, as genuine little works of art, holding their own, not of course for supreme delicacy, with M. Jules Jacquemart's etchings, but certainly for realistic effect, and as aids to the knowledge of the objects they depict. Of Rouen three illustrations are given which include the characteristics of the fabric: there is first a platter, red, blue, and yellow, with conventional decoration of foliage; then a sharp-sided, many-cornered vessel with decoration chiefly of red and yellow on the rosy white paste; then another platter with the cornucopia which forms so conspicuous an object in the decoration of Rouen ware in the later time—in the eighteenth century—in the age of Louis Quinze. But these things are familiar to Frenchmen: what is not familiar to them is the discovery here and again of the existence of porcelain manufacturers in this village and that. M. Ris-Paquet's volume contains, for instance, mention of Ohigny, a village in the Champagne, within a walk of Rheims, and there is an illustration of a large-handled, almost globular vessel with the forms of pears, yellow brown, in pretty high relief; the space for ornament being admirably measured out, its occurrence always welcome, whether it be that of the yellow fruit or of the green leafage. This piece is in the collection of Mme. Pommery, of Rheims. There are many pretty pictures of the porcelains and potteries of the North of France; and when the author leaves his own country side for the South, for Italy, for the East, he is equally careful to choose for illustration admirable forms and hues, and these are presented with an effect a thousand times more charming than that of the purely mechanical though skilful chromolithograph with which recent publications in England have familiarised us. Very admirably have M. Ris-Paquet's illustrations to his learned and agreeable volume reproduced the shape and hue of a Faenza platter, an Urbino jar, a Talavera vase, and a Persian ewer. As in the case of the noble etchings of Jacquemart, the amateur possessing these tasteful and characteristic memoranda possesses much of the charm of the original work so varied and so rich.

THE SALON OF 1879.

(Fourth Notice.)

IN the way of imitative painting there is, perhaps, no better work in the rooms than in M. Saintin's portrait of *Mdlle. H. B.*—His second work, *Emilie*, is a pretty fresh study of a girl, in white and rose, seen on a background of grey striped with blue; *Mdlle. H. B.*—is a woman dressed in black, putting on her gloves, as she stands before a table covered with flowers. The room is red, the chair behind her is red, but the wonderful painting of all the modern accessories is outrivalled by the head, which is even more intensely modern in its aspect. It is not a light matter to master this modern aspect, and to give it at the same time due pictorial value. M. Gervex, for all his vigour and talent, cannot yet be said to have solved the problem. In his portrait of *Mdlle. V.*—a crude effect of lilac and rose on a green background—the head seems completely missed; and his other more important work, *Retour du Bal*, although every part evidences the remarkable keenness and delicacy of the painter's powers of observation, is far from presenting an effective and intelligible whole. The suggestions of drama to be found in the subject are not very exciting: a lady, tightly laced in her ball-dress of pale yellow wreathed with purplish flowers, is apparently sobbing on a *fauteuil* on the right, her face is hidden, but her

agitation is expressed by the scattered blossoms torn from the bouquet which has fallen to her feet on the ground; a little way off, behind her, on another *fauteuil* and fronting the audience, sits a gentleman who looks inured to scenes, and not to be softened by tears. The cause of this domestic quarrel we are left to discover for ourselves: it may be that Madame's dress furnishes matter for disapproval; it is certainly "low," but if this is Monsieur's grievance he might as well have spoken before instead of after the ball. The *raison d'être*, however, of a picture is, after all, to be first sought in the work itself, and the rendering of the conflict between natural and artificial light is the problem which M. Gervex has proposed to himself in the *Retour du Bal*. In *Rolla*, the picture which after its rejection last year by the jury of the Salon was exhibited in the Chaussée d'Antin, one of the principal achievements was the painting of the delicate warm light of the rose-shaded lamp near the bed-side struggling on against the cold grey dawn which entered through the open window: in the *Retour du Bal*, the same rose-shaded lamp makes its appearance, on a console table to the left, and the bright morning stares through the white blinds, and descends in a ghastly sheet of light on the whiter coverings of the seats and couches in the room. Here, there is evidently a great deal that requires attention and study before the unusual merit of much of the execution can be realised, but as a picture the work seems to me incomplete. Both in *Rolla*, and in the *Retour du Bal*, M. Gervex has painted an effect, but not the effect—not that particular aspect in which the whole truth about the special question is shown once and for ever. And, indeed, the impression to be got from the work, even of the most gifted, of the younger men, who are now determinedly transcribing, as they say, without compromise, what they call the effects of nature, is that they are gathering materials for future pictures, but have not yet succeeded, and may never succeed, in making pictures out of their materials. Sometimes the work will happen to come nearly right, as in M. Lahaye's *En Été*, a study of a girlish figure dressed in rose and black, and seated in the shade of a grey rock, beyond which comes a glimpse of green foliage and distance in bright sunlight: the black of the dress is concentrated very happily in a broad fan held in the hand, and then run off and lost in the coat of the dark terrier crouching at his mistress's feet. In M. Lahaye's second picture, *Sous les Oliviers*, we get an effort to master another of the now favourite difficulties—the difficulty of outdoor broad daylight. Parts of this work—as, for instance, the face of the man seated in the foreground—look strangely incomplete and unmeaning; but there is also much excellent work, and the painting of his companion's little feet, in their blue stockings and grey shoes, is almost worthy of comparison with the wonderful grey hose in which M. Pille has encased the limbs of his Don Quichotte. M. Pille has chosen rather a mean type of creature for his embodiment of the great Don, whom the author of his being endued with dignity even in utmost extravagance. M. Pille has given us a dreamy, foolish, yet not ridiculous personage, so that, Cervantes' hero once forgotten, it is with curious admiration, only, that we admire the expression which has been got into every touch of this astonishing painting. And, speaking of painting, it may here be said that, for a really good fresh bit of brush-work, painting for painting's sake, *La Chanson nouvelle*, by Mdlle. Dubos, a pupil of M. Chaplin's, deserves notice.

M. Chaplin himself does not exhibit, but the superficial characteristics of his style are curiously recalled by the portrait of *Mme. La Baronne d'E.*—which is the work of M. Besnard, a pupil of M. Cabanel; he has made a very individual and successful study of this fair woman—somewhat English in her type—painted under a strong light which strikes strongly on her neck, lighting up with its reflections the shadows

in which the face is seen. Bonnat's portrait of *Miss Mary S.*—hangs near M. Besnard's work; he has handled Victor Hugo, also, this year, and that, too, somewhat roughly, dwelling rather on the every-day grimace and egotism of his sitter than on the moments of truly ardent inspiration which reveal the actual nature of the poet. *Miss Mary S.*—has come off even worse; M. Bonnat has selected his vulgarest blue for her gown, and the treatment of her fair face shows that—like the unlucky lady who in evening dress made an awkward pendant to the noble portrait of Mme. Pasca at the International Exhibition—*Miss Mary S.*—is a model who has not succeeded in interesting M. Bonnat. Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, on the other hand, has been very fortunate with M. Bastien-Lepage. He has seen her under her most favourable aspect; the work is almost miniature in size, and this affords the painter an opportunity for the display of his delicate powers of execution. The great actress is seated, dressed magnificently in white flowered-brocade, which tells yellowish and silken against a white ground; her brown hair lying flat, and closely rolled up at the back of her head, plainly shows that curious depression of the skull above the forehead with which caricaturists have long familiarised the public; in her hands she holds a little ivory statuette of Victory, which she examines—in a pose adapted from a drawing of Parmegiano's—and which is intended to convey an allusion to her talent as a sculptor, of which, indeed, the less said the more to her credit. This year she has sent two busts which not even all the skill of a skilled *pratien* can save from condemnation. Another *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, Mdlle. Samary, has been painted with great force by Mdlle. Abbema; but if Mdlle. Abbema has not been very hard on her sitter, then all one can say is that, judging from the aspect under which she is presented to us, Mdlle. Samary must have been even harder on herself.

For something perfectly wholesome and womanly it is pleasant to turn to M. Dubois' charming half-length of *Mme.*—, a harmony rather too sober, possibly, in violet and grey. Cabanel this year is not at his best, but many of his pupils send good portraits: among others are two by M. Priou, one of which, that of *M. His de la Salle*, is the most keenly studied, and may compare even with Mdlle. Jacquemart's remarkable presentment of *M. le Comte de St.-A.*—whom she has put on the canvas with admirable quiet completeness; he seems to stop and look out at us from the midst of his daily occupations and life, with just the kind of turn and air that they must have given to his manners and bearing. This, too, is the kind of excellence which distinguishes M. Winne's portrait of *M. R.*—, *ancien Ministre*. Or, take a work which seems to me less scholarly perhaps, and complete in construction, but which has sincerity of intention and shows admirable truth in the relations of the half-tones—M. Valadon's *Service funèbre*, in which we get only the heads of a man and woman seen on the same canvas, but in which the atmosphere is so well suggested that we hardly need the mass-book in the hands to explain the title. M. Pinchart, who sent a very remarkable full-length portrait to the Salon of 1877, has not done well this year; he contributes only *Le Bain*, the study of a nude figure which wants just those indications of taste and harmonious feeling which constituted the merit of his portrait; but another pupil of M. Gérôme's, M. Courtois, has two excellent portraits; and there are noticeable works by M. Humbert, by Mdlle. Berthe Massé, by M. Blanchard, by M. Faivre, and the head of a lady by M. Jules Breton, which is a marvel of strength and solidity of execution: it is modelled with the light on all sides, and the drawing of the mouth is a splendid feat. M. Gaillard, too, has a portrait of *Mgr. de S.*—, a small half-length, which is, I think, the finest he has ever done; the painting is of an entirely different quality from the thin driven work of previous

years, and the power of insight displayed is as great as ever. M. Carolus Duran also has outdone himself. His portrait of *Mme. la Comtesse V.*, seen at full length, dressed in white, half hidden by the ample folds of a black cloak trimmed with fur, and standing forth with quiet command against a warm dull-greenish background, is the most masterly portrait that has been seen, I think, since Bonnat's *Mme. Pasca*, and finer than anything that he has previously produced. A pupil of M. Duran's, M. Sargent, sends a half-length portrait of his master which has a very satisfactory aspect. Its merit is not, however, fully confirmed on near approach; the work has delicacy and artistic sense, but is a little flimsy in execution.

This flimsiness is not so disturbing an impression in a second work painted by M. Sargent—*Sous les Oliviers, Capri*—because it does not pretend to be more than a sketch, and as a sketch it is charming. Delicate, too, is the snowy landscape of M. Emile Breton, with its dark flights of birds searching painfully for food; and equally delicate is M. Philipe's careful study of *Le Guel de Massanes en Hiver*, which is also worthy of notice for the intelligence with which points of distance are felt and the site chosen. For this choice of site is of immense importance, now more especially since landscape-painting becomes every day more and more descriptive. There are few who, like M. Orry—in his beautiful *Clair de Lune*, in which the very figures are placed with a touch of poetry—look for anything beyond an effective point of view. Among those, however, who have the most happy tact in selection must be counted M. Segé. *La Vallée de Courtray* becomes in his hands a subject of infinite light and distance; the skill of the painter, though, is almost too equally even throughout and half hinders the appreciation of its own excellence; whereas, by the quality of his touch, M. Yon has given expression with double force to the effect of his grey sky rolling clear down to the line of dark trees which shut in the distant shores of the Marne near Le Bas de Montigny, while the river winds its way, swollen with chill rains, between the pale green banks of the foreground.

In M. Yon's *Le Bas de Montigny* we are at least presented with one of those moods of atmosphere which hide as much of nature from us as they reveal, and call forth corresponding sentiment in the sensitive onlooker; but for the most part the descriptive painter, like M. Véron or M. de Mesgrigny, prefers to treat such aspects as present themselves for imitation without reserve. Of this order of work M. de Mesgrigny's version of the *Bords de la Marne* is an excellent example—a transcription which may be said to be exactly like. M. Emile Michel, also, paints *Un Etang* with a skill to which a little more firmness in the foreground—for the sky and water are admirable—would have given full effect; and M. Français' able pupil, M. Boudot, depicts *Le Matin en Franche Comté* with an excellence which falls short only of that of his master, and recalls, though at some distance, the morning as seen by Harpignies. It is not, however, given to everyone to rival the floods of sunlight which Harpignies commands, though, except in his splendid *Étude—aquarelle*, M. Harpignies gives us less to admire than usual. His chief contribution, *Le Pavillon de Flore, Vue prise du Pont Neuf*, with its groups of modern idlers and sombre distance, scarcely affords him a favourable opportunity for the exhibition of the special strength of his talent.

It is not often, indeed, that figures enhance the charm of landscape; it is not often that the painter succeeds in making us feel that they ought to be there, or in treating them as if they were really a part of the scene; but the truly rustic figure and fresh landscape of *Une Lande*, by M. Brissot de Warville, have something of this rare excellence. Pelouse, too, whose name must ever bring to mind his masterly and almost poetical study *Coupe de Bois à Sentis*, has painted *Le vieux Puits* with the same mastery, and his

treatment of the girl who—with her brown gown carefully protected by a white apron, and her head gaily picked out by its scarlet cap—is pouring water, with a pretty movement, from her bucket into a shining ewer, shows real feeling for the sentiment which invests with peculiar charm the dwellers in the fields, and the figure becomes the freshest and most rustic touch of a scene fresh from rustic nature. That wonderful workman M. Hanoteau has also transcribed for us, in *La Victime du Réveillon*, what is neither more nor less than the killing and cleaning of the pig, after a fashion which, by its exquisite handicraft, its unconscious charm of simple colour and feeling, recalls even the great name of Chardin, although it lacks the completed beauty of his finish.

But the exquisite freshness and justness of tone which distinguishes so many of these apparently direct transcripts from nature seems to diminish always when the work is carried much beyond the limits of a sketch. It is marvellous in M. Bièvre's pretty study of a little boat, with sea beneath and sky above; in the two contributions by M. Alma Tadema's able pupil, M. Mesdag; it is the more conspicuous in the least laboured—namely, *La Rentrée des Bateaux de Pêcheurs, Vue des Dunes de Scheveningue*; M. Clays, indeed, keeps its charm even to the end of perfected study—as, for instance, in his very fine work, *Calme aux Environs de l'Île de Schouwen*—but M. Clays, be it remembered, has painted similar effects so often that he has the complete command of long practice over the means proper to their production. Generally when a work is wrought out like *Mme. Juliette Peyrol's* (*née Bonheur*) *Les Friches de Beaugregard*—in which the sky is full of light, and the outline of each cow and sheep and little flower is marked by careful observation—it lacks that something which should give point to its intention, or, when it is studied with zeal, and arranged with taste, as *Le Héron*, by M. Henri Saintin, the pulse of life ceases to beat.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

ART SALES.

THE first portion of the great assemblage of engravings left by Mr. Benoni White, once a well-known dealer in Brownlow Street, Holborn, has now been disposed of under the hammer; and Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods will sell later in the season the remaining portion—so at least we understand—of what Mr. White left. The sale of Turner line-engravings was interesting. The impressions varied very much in quality; but on the whole, from the prices fetched, it is perhaps legitimately conjectured that the demand for the line-engravings after Turner is likely to increase. Some proofs of the *Southern Coast* fetched, in a lot, 17l. 17s.; a smaller lot, 8l. 8s. *The Grand Canal*, engraved by W. Miller—an India proof before letters, and an etching of the same—sold for 12l. 12s.; an artist's proof of *Dido and Aeneas*, 3l. 3s.; an artist's proof, on India paper, of the *Temple of Jupiter*, engraved by Pye, fetched 10l.; proofs of *Tivoli* and the *Temple of Jupiter* realised 21l.; *Crossing the Brook*, engraved by Brandard, an artist's proof and etching, realised 22l. 1s.; *Cologne*, by Goodall, 3l.; Engravers' proofs of the *England and Wales* were sold in small lots—four or five, or six or seven, in a lot. Of these, the highest lot fetched 5l. 10s. This consisted of *Barnard Castle, Colchester, Dartmouth Cove, The Fall of the Tees, The Chain Bridge over the Tees, and Gosport*. Later in the sale occurred a number of engravings after Landseer and Wilkie, and some excellent engravings after older masters—after Poussin and Claude Lorraine, for example—by W. Woollett.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE sell a miscellaneous collection of pictures and water-colour drawings to-day, and during next week they will sell the remainder of the late Mr. Alexander Barker's collection (by

order of the representatives of the late Mrs. Roe and Mr. J. E. Roe); while there is also announced the sale of an important collection of water-colour drawings by popular English Masters—the collection of the late Mr. Thomas Toller, of Hampstead.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Mrs. SARAH BERNHARDT has brought over to London a collection of works in sculpture and painting executed by her, and she has taken a room in Piccadilly in which they will be lodged, and where, to-day, they will be on private view.

THE King of Greece has expressed a wish that a suitable museum should be erected at Olympia for the reception of the newly-discovered treasures. M. Singros has placed the sum of 100,000 drachmas at the King's disposal for this purpose, and the scheme is warmly seconded by M. Angerinos, the Minister for Instruction. Another party, however, contend that the museum should be located at Athens. The obstacles in the way of the latter scheme are great, owing to the enormous cost of transporting these marbles.

WE learn from a German paper that Mr. Follingsby, an Englishman who has resided for many years in Munich, where he is well known in artistic circles, has lately been appointed Director of the Melbourne Art Academy, and has just sailed to enter upon his new position.

WE hear that the works which the late Mr. Chase, long an esteemed member of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, left in his studio, will be on view next week at the house of his family, 113 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. One important picture by the deceased artist is at present in the Institute. Mr. Chase was known as one of the most faithful recorders of old architecture and English life.

A RETROSPECTIVE art exhibition is being organised to be held in Florence next November. The objects desired are pictures, drawings, sculpture, glass-paintings, goldsmith's work, enamels, mosaics, ceramic of all kinds, ivory carvings, musical instruments, embroideries—everything, in fact, in which the genius of Italy formerly excelled, or in which the skill of her artists was shown. Nothing of later date than the seventeenth century will be taken; but the exhibition is to extend back to ancient times. It is to be held in the Palazzo Pitti, and bids fair to assume large proportions.

THE *Kunstchronik* gave last week a long list of the prices fetched at the sale of the Euzenberg print-collection at Vienna, at the same time lamenting deeply that most of the treasures of this celebrated collection fell to French and English buyers, in consequence of the miserable bids that were in most cases made by the German museums. The deplorable financial condition of the country was, in truth, abundantly evident at this sale, for even the representative of the Berlin print-room was, it is stated, driven completely from the field. Several important works were, however, acquired by the Austrian Museum, the town library of Vienna, and the Albertina.

A RELATIVE of the Mrs. Trimmer whose portrait Romney was supposed to have painted in a picture sold at Christie's at the Anderson sale—and which was catalogued as Mrs. Trimmer's portrait by Messrs. Christie—writes to the *Standard* to say that the picture did not represent Mrs. Trimmer or any member of her family. In our account of the sale, in these columns, we had followed the information given in the catalogue as to the subject of the picture.

THE *Venus of Milo* seems to yield unflinching matter for discussion. A member of the Stockholm Academy, Herr Geskel Salomon, has just published an elaborate and richly-illustrated monograph upon it, in which he endeavours to show

that this celebrated statue neither stood by itself nor formed part of a group of two figures, but rather that it belongs to a group of three figures, of which the centre was Herakles, who stood between the Goddesses of Pleasure and Virtue, after the fable of Prodikos. The figure accepted as Venus represents according to this latest hypothesis Pleasure or Desire.

It is proposed to hold at Dresden in August and September a Raphael Exhibition, which is to be as complete as possible. Where the originals of paintings, sketches, &c., cannot be secured, good copies, photographs, and engravings will be exhibited. An appeal is issued to all collectors to assist in this scheme.

THE death is announced from Munich of the landscape-painter Bernhard Fries. Born at Heidelberg in 1820, he studied in Karlsruhe, Düsseldorf and Munich. He then resided for some time in Italy, where he acquired the idealistic style that distinguishes his works. His most important paintings are a series of forty landscapes from Italy and Sicily. The historical painter Johannes von Schrandolph, Professor of the Munich Academy, died in that city on June 1. He was born in 1808.

THE STAGE.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT THE GAÏETY THEATRE.

THE great number and importance of the French pieces at the Gaïety Theatre would necessarily render it impossible to devote here an adequate critical examination to the literary claims of these works, or to the merits of the interpretation which they receive. They include, as my readers are aware, not only all the best-remembered comedies which in recent times have either been produced at the Théâtre Français, or deemed worthy of being adopted into its repertory, but also a selection of works of what is generally known as the classical school. The repertory does, indeed, exhibit significant tokens of the decline in public favour of pieces in the latter category, regarded at least as acting plays. On Wednesday week, which happened to be the anniversary of the birthday of Corneille, a representation was given of *Le Menteur*, the only work of that writer included in the series. Racine owes, we fear, something of the favour with which he is still regarded to the superlative genius of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, *Phèdre* and *Andromaque* being still, as they are, indeed, likely to remain, the ultimate objects of the ambition of the tragic actress. *Les Plaideurs*, which though founded on *The Wasps* of Aristophanes displays the genuine humorous power of a poet whose name we are accustomed to associate with tender suffering and passions of the grand and terrible kind, is doubtless chosen with a view to exhibit to advantage the strongly-marked, though always well-controlled, comic powers of the elder Coquelin, not to speak of M. Got's celebrated performance of *L'Intimé*. The selection of nine of the best comedies and farces of the author of *Le Misanthrope* and *Tartufe* is certainly not an extravagant recognition of the claims of that illustrious writer on the part of the comedians of the *Maison de Molière*. These pieces, together with *Le Joueur* of Regnard and the *Zaire* of Voltaire, which was resuscitated at the Théâtre Français in 1874, after nearly twenty years of neglect, complete the element called classic in a list which numbers altogether forty-one pieces.

Beaumarchais, however, who occupies a middle place between the classics and the moderns, is represented by his two best comedies: Thomas Corneille, whose *Ariane* and *Comte d'Essex* once enjoyed a high position; and Crébillon, who also found admission within the sacred limits of poets of the first order, are now practically discarded; and of the long catalogue of writers of

the second order, on behalf of whose monopoly, no less than on that of their more distinguished comrades, bitter war was waged by the classicists in the days of Louis Philippe and the Charter—Rotrou, Lafosse, Lamotte-Houdart, Destouches, Châteaubrun, Lagrange, Duché, De Belloy, Dufresny, Piron, Gresset, Favart, Dora, and nearly a score of others, there are few indeed whose names even can be said to be now known to frequenters of the French theatres. *Zaire*, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Mounet-Sully are to appear on Tuesday next, will at least be interesting to an English audience; for this tragedy was avowedly written to make known to the countrymen of Shakspeare how a story like that of *Othello* might have been treated if that great but lamentably untutored and irregular genius had possessed the crowning advantage of being a Frenchman of the polite age of Louis XV. That Marivaux and Sedaine, though they are for sufficient reasons still numbered among the acting dramatists, do not appear in this selection is a fact for which patrons of the Gaïety are abundantly recompensed; but a series can hardly claim to be completely representative which comprises no comedy from the works of Scribe. Nearly two-thirds of the selection belong to the strictly modern class, and of these the great majority have been written within the last twenty-five years. On the other hand, by way of answer to those who imagine that the classic repertory now holds its ground at home almost entirely from the fact that its maintenance is a condition imposed on the administration, it is worth noting that this proportion corresponds pretty closely with that observed at the Théâtre Français, where, last year, out of 383 representations (including morning performances) 136 only were devoted to classical pieces.

The immense reputation of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt contributes, no doubt, very much to the brilliant success of Mr. Hollingshead's enterprise; but it need hardly be pointed out that the presence of so conspicuous an example of what is popularly known as a "star" among the company of the Comédie Française must always be to some extent a disturbing influence in its system, whereof the chief claim to respect has ever been that it aims at attaining a general efficiency and perfection of details. The leading parts in a piece of any value demand, of course, exceptional powers; but it is not well that the applicants for places at the box office of the Gaïety Theatre should be found referring to the bills careless of aught else but the appearance of that lady's name in the distribution of characters. Of course, this way of regarding the entertainments provided is for the most part beyond the control of the administration, though the arrangement by which this lady was permitted the other day to make her *début* in a single scene from a tragedy of Racine divorced from its context, and therefore having confessedly for its chief object the exhibition of a very famous personage to the gaze of eager sightseers, lent a mischievous because an authoritative sanction to this sort of agitation. Mme. Bernhardt delights to bask in the sunshine not only of public but of private favour, as appears from her circular offering to devote her talents to the entertainment of evening parties "de la haute société," upon terms to be learnt from her secretary; and for such occasions she has contrived, as the public have been informed, to get a piece written expressly for her, in which, by way of showing that there is, as peripatetic professors of legerdemain are wont to observe, "positively no deception," she undertakes to model a medallion in the presence of the spectators. Thus it will be perceived that her ambition is not confined to an art for the due cultivation of which the average duration of human life and the limits of human energies rarely more than suffice. She yearns, as we have all learnt, for renown in many fields, and is so manifestly affected with the old weakness for praising *diversa sequentes* that

there is ground to fear that the profession for which her genius and her training pre-eminently fit her may come to be regarded by her with a corresponding contempt. Her multitude of friends who "know the charms" by which to "spread her name o'er lands and seas" call attention to her talents as an artist, to her contributions to criticism, and to her promised special correspondence in one of the Paris journals. At this moment of writing I have been honoured, in common I believe with a large number of other persons, by an invitation to inspect her amateur performances in sculpture and painting in a private gallery to be devoted to that purpose. These weaknesses are humorously satirised by the wits in the Paris press, who are never tired of announcing by pretended telegraphic despatch such marvellous facts as the winning of the French Derby, the assumption of the command of the British forces in Natal, or the acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet of Queen Victoria by this universal genius. But the matter has its sorrowful side. The patronage which is extended to the Comédie Française on the ground of the notoriety of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt outside the limits of her reputation as an actress can obviously exercise no more wholesome influence on dramatic art than can the curiosity which is artfully excited by public statements of the extravagant cost of the costumes to be worn by Mlle. Croizette in this or that character.

The performances since those noticed in the ACADEMY last week have included *La Joie fait* *Peur* of Mme. de Girardin, *Le Menteur* of Corneille, *Le Tartufe* and *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* of Molière, *Le Marquis de Villemer* of George Sand, Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, *Le Demi-Monde* of Alexandre Dumas the younger, *Les Caprices de Marianne* and *Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte ou fermée* by Alfred de Musset, and *Mlle. de Belle-Isle* of the elder Dumas. In all of these the high finish and general level of excellence attained have been strikingly exemplified. In Mme. de Girardin's touching little piece M. Got plays the part of the old steward Noel with a command over the mingled humour and pathos of the part which is hardly second to that of Regnier in the same character; and Mme. Favart in the character of the mother depicts the effects of overwhelming sorrow gradually changing to hope and joy with most affecting truth. The wide range of M. Got's art was further shown by his appearance on the same evening in the grimly humorous character of Claudio in *Les Caprices de Marianne*, and again on the following day by his Sganarelle, an instructive example of boisterous humour refined, subdued, and endowed with endless subtle touches without detracting in the least from the force of the portrait. Except in that fine performance of the Duke in *L'Etrangère*, of which I have already spoken, M. Coquelin, the elder, has as yet found few opportunities for conveying a notion of his rare and peculiar powers. Unhappily Mlle. Croizette has not made much progress in the favour of English audiences; though the power of her acting in the repulsive part of the Baroness in the *Demi-Monde* on Tuesday was fully appreciated. Nothing perhaps is more striking to one unfamiliar with the best schools of French acting than the power of the greatest of these performers to merge his individuality in each part that he assumes. I have already spoken of M. Febvre's fine characterisation and admirable self-restraint in *L'Etrangère*. For the part of Tartufe, so widely different in the means which it demands, he has no remarkable outward qualifications; but the performance was perhaps only unsatisfactory to those who had a vivid recollection of Bressant's overpowering presence, and it was interesting to compare this impersonation with that of the simple, honest soldier Raymond in the *Demi-Monde*. From such characters as this to that of the jovial, good-natured, unsentimental Alsatian, who in *L'Ami Fritz* is transformed, like Cymon, by the power of love, there is, as all who

will have the pleasure of witnessing this excellent piece of acting on Monday will recognise, a still wider remove.

The acting of M. Worms has perhaps inspired rather respect than admiration. Yet his delivery of verse is correct, his actions are graceful, and his countenance is capable of a great deal of expression. He delivered the famous soliloquy in the part of Charles V. in *Hernani* with excellent taste and judgment, taking for this purpose—if I may be allowed to indulge in this piece of stop-watch criticism—as nearly as possible the full twelve minutes which it is said to require. All that the actor was here perceived to lack was a more imposing air, and, at the risk of being taunted with insensibility to the value of historical research, I will add a costume of more becoming aspect. Delaunay's impersonations have, without a single exception, afforded great pleasure, the actor's still unsubdued vivacity, his elegance and ease of bearing, his fine voice and faultless elocution, all combining to produce the result. I would gladly, if I could, accord like unqualified praise to M. Mounet-Sully, whose grave and tender style was justly admired in the part of Gérard in *L'Etrangère*—a character whose strained sentimentality and *petites allures de Joseph* border, as some one has observed, dangerously on the ridiculous. This actor seems, however, to trust too much on the stage to the impulse of the moment; and hence a want of that well-calculated effort and just proportion which alone can secure the final effect required. This fault was conspicuous in his *Hernani*. A fierce untamed energy is no doubt appropriate to this character; but the human mind is so constituted that it is incapable of remaining at the point of tension at which M. Mounet-Sully's sustained extravagance in this part tends to keep the observant spectator; and the consequence is that after a while the actor's wild and whirling words, and no less wild and whirling arms and legs, become, like most things in excess, destitute of the power to excite or charm.

No play hitherto produced has been expected perhaps with more curiosity than *Hernani*. The appearance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the part of Doña Sol no doubt added much to this feeling; but the play has a history which renders its production on our stage particularly interesting. There were, perhaps, among the audience assembled on Monday evening few persons who had not at one time or other read something about the battles of the classicists. And the new school of romantic poets of whom Victor Hugo was the acknowledged chief even so far back as half-a-century ago, when this play was written. To many of these, probably, the visible presentment of this old source of play-house broils must have occasioned surprise, not by the boldness with which it parts company with the old sacred forms, but rather by the timidity and hesitation which it displays from this point of view. That the verse exhibits an almost ostentatious contempt for recognised canons which must have been really painful to the admirers of M. Soumet is obvious enough; and it is to be hoped that it is not inconsistent with respect and admiration for its illustrious author to feel even some little sympathy with the horror with which gentlemen of the old school received its occasional daring incongruities of thought and expression and rather decided tendency to confound the limits of the ridiculous and the sublime. Apart from all this, however, there are strong traces of the influence of the classical school in the tendency of its personages to indulge in long rhetorical displays, to bandy reasonings with each other, and to give detailed accounts of their feelings, while the action, which proceeds not continuously but rather in a series of explosions, is suspended. Such concessions to established fashions might, one would think, have done something to conciliate opponents on those memorable nights when Jérôme Paturot in vain led the

applause against the howls and cat-calls of the offended classicists; but these dissensions, as everyone knows, partake of the character of religious strifes, which so far from being appeased are even aggravated by a sort of conformity that falls in some particular short of perfect orthodoxy. To tell the truth, the outrageous incidents of *Hernani* failed to enlist the full sympathy of the audience, who yet admired its many fine poetical passages and powerful displays of passion. The performance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt did not fall short of the expectation that had been formed. There is a tender feminine grace of a peculiarly winning kind in her love-scenes, and she has pre-eminently the power of conveying the impression of sincerity, purity, and perfect trustfulness necessary to prepare the mind of the spectator for the grand self-sacrifice and infinite pathos of the final scene. If the perfect control over all the performer's resources essential in a display of passion that is to affect the spectator as a whole was again somewhat wanting, the performance was yet marked by many passages of singular beauty. No words could convey an adequate idea of the sweet sad effect of the musical tones in which some of the most touching lines were delivered. The happy smiles which illumined her countenance from the moment that she had taken the fatal draught, betokening the approach of a time of calm and serene contentment even in the midst of this storm of conflicting passions, may be classed among the boldest and most successful of the numerous fine touches of art in this scene.

MOY THOMAS.

MUSIC.

BOROUGH OF HACKNEY CHORAL ASSOCIATION:
MR. E. PROUT'S "HEREWARD."

THE production of a work of such magnitude and elaboration as Mr. Prout's new dramatic cantata is not a matter of everyday experience among English musicians. Apart, therefore, from any special circumstances, the event is one of interest for those who watch with solicitude the growth and spread of the art in this country, and the measure in which its professors are guided by lofty considerations, as distinguished from the mere desire for personal gain. A composer who cheerfully bestows the time, thought, and labour necessary to the production of an oratorio or some work of similar dimensions must look for his reward, if any, in the fame and reputation which may eventually result. Mr. Prout is one of the few among ourselves who are content to labour solely in the interests of art; and we approach the consideration of any work from his pen with the assurance that we shall find in it, if not the traces of actual genius, at any rate the highest qualities that result from culture and experience. In the case of a vocal work of importance a composer who knows at once his own strength and weakness must exercise caution and discrimination in the choice of a subject. Now, it cannot be denied that Mr. Prout has for once been exceptionally favoured in this respect. Charles Kingsley's novel *Hereward the Wake*, treating as it does of turbulent times and stirring events, presents an admirable theme to the musician whose ideas flow naturally in the form of vigorous utterances rather than of sentimental platitudes. Further, the work of the librettist has been singularly well carried out by Mr. William Grist. His versification is uniformly forcible and bold, as befits his heroic subject, and the language is occasionally very happy. The final oration of Torfrida, for example, where she is animated by the spirit of prophecy, approaches near to genuine poetry. The moderate use of alliteration may also be warmly commended as giving point to the lines where an access of energy and colouring seems desirable. The book is divided into four parts or acts, care being taken by a complete change of *locale* in each part to afford the composer the ne-

cessary opportunities for variety and contrast in the music. The sequence of events is in accordance generally with Kingsley's novel, even to the adoption of the tragic *dénouement*. If, as Mr. Grist affirms, historical accuracy be in this instance violated, the retention of the incident was almost a matter of necessity in a dramatic or semi-dramatic work. Before entering on the consideration of the music, it may be explained that in suggesting a similitude between any particular number of *Hereward* and some previous composition generally familiar, no accusation of plagiarism is intended against Mr. Prout; the object of such comparison being merely to afford as definite an idea of his music as can be given without illustrations in music-type. Part I. of the cantata, "*Hereward's youth and exile*," is preceded by a brief introduction in E, formed chiefly on two themes—the first, brusque and uncompromising in character, being suggestive of the hero; while the other, gentle and flowing, is representative of his bride Torfrida. The introduction comes to a *pianissimo* close on the dominant, and then in E minor we have a chorus of Hereward's followers, "*Landless and lawless*." Nothing could be more appropriate to the scene than the music of this chorus, with its surging accompaniment fully, not to say noisily, scored. It is followed by a "*Salve, Regina*" for the attendant maidens of Lady Godiva (Hereward's mother). The contrast of style is complete. The hymn opens with an old ecclesiastical phrase, and the harmonies of the movement are generally simple, though modern feeling is apparent. The appearance of Herluin, the monk, is appropriately ushered in by another religious strain given to the brass, and the following scene shows a happy mingling of the ecclesiastical and the dramatic. At the close there is a *terzetto* for Lady Godiva (mezzo-soprano), Hereward (tenor), and Herluin, (bass), in which each voice maintains its independence with charmingly quaint effect. Hereward's air "*Farewell my boyhood's home*" is not remarkable; but No. 5, the last in the first part, deserves prominent reference. Here the chorus of Hereward's followers, the "*Salve, Regina*," and the air just mentioned, are united in a manner as clever as it is effective. The shouts of the Viking's men die away in the distance, and the climax leaves a highly favourable impression in the mind of the listener. The scene of the second part, "*Hereward's love and happiness*," is laid at Torfrida's home at St. Omer. The opening chorus for female voices in A, 2-8 time, is rather disappointing. It is undeniably pretty, but it belongs to an order of composition less elevated than that of the context. There follows an elaborate *scena* for Torfrida (soprano), in which it is possible to trace the influence of Weber. Certain passages recall forcibly the *scena* in the second act of *Der Freischütz*. The entrance of the hero with his visor closed is announced by the Hereward theme in slightly altered form. The ensuing duet is perhaps the weakest number in the work. It is not given to every composer to write love-music, and that of Mr. Prout conveys no definite impression, being deficient alike in passion and sentiment. The part ends with a bridal march and chorus in C. The voice parts are not remarkably bright; but the accompaniment, with its Weberian phrases and rich orchestration, is very effective. As a whole, the second part of the cantata shows a decadence as compared with the first, because the situations are less suited to the display of the composer's special abilities. However, ample amends are made in the next section, which is entitled "*Hereward's return and glory*." The time is just subsequent to the subjugation of England by William the Norman. A very impressive introduction in C minor, magnificently scored, leads into a lengthy chorus, "*Mourn, Anglia*." Here Mr. Prout is at his best. The music is sad and full of deep expression, with occasional but very vague traces of the manner of Wagner. Especially fine is the burst of the brass

in the tonic major just prior to the words "A fertile brain, a well-skilled hand," but the entire movement is full of those happy touches which show a master-hand. A descriptive and picturesque *aria* for Leofwin, a Saxon messenger (mezzo-soprano), is followed by a dramatic recitative for Hereward, in which various motives are re-introduced with good effect. The succeeding *aria* is weaker, though it ends with a vigorous strain not unlike Weber's "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight." The next number is a chorus of Hereward's followers on their voyage to England. This is both original and charming, the ceaseless passages of semi-quavers in the accompaniment graphically illustrating the motion of the sea, while the voice parts are not wanting in interest. The scene is again shifted, and we are introduced to William, who has an air written in a quaint, formal style, but very spirited. A march of the Norman force introduces the battle-scene, which is developed at considerable length. It opens with a duet for Hereward and Torfrida in which a Handelian flavour is prevalent. The change to common time brings an accession of energy, and soon the opposing forces are united in a double chorus which is worked up with infinite cleverness, a short *Presto* movement serving as *coda*. The last part of the cantata, "Hereward's fall and death," opens with a Mozart-like introduction, after which Alfrida (soprano), the siren who tempted Hereward from his allegiance to his country and his wife, proclaims her triumph in an arduous air, "Hail the might of woman, hail!" Here, again, Mr. Prout is scarcely on congenial ground. The words are eminently suggestive, but the music savours rather of commonplace, though containing some grateful passages for the voice. A trio for the hero, Alfrida and William, in which imitation is introduced, is followed by a solidly-written chorus, "Gleemen, lift a tuneful strain." We then pass to the death-scene of Hereward. This commences with an agitated introduction leading to a monologue for the hero. The entrance of the conspirators and the fight are illustrated by much picturesque writing, and the close displays genuine feeling and pathos. A recitative for Torfrida, in which we hear some faint echoes of the preceding scene, is one of the most expressive numbers of the work; and the chorus of lamentation, "Weep for the Viking slain," is also truly admirable. The finale consists of a solo for Torfrida, in which she depicts in glowing terms the coming greatness of England, while the chorus takes up the theme with enthusiasm. Mr. Prout has adopted a broad, vigorous style in his setting of this oration. The music is solid rather than brilliant, dignified rather than glowing and rapturous. Speaking of the work generally, the defects may be said to be a want of freshness in the melodies, and a certain squareness and formality in the phrases. The merits are the masculine breadth and vigour of many of the movements, the constructive excellence throughout, and the splendid orchestration. In this last particular the cantata stands almost unique among English compositions. If the interest flags in other respects now and then, the continuous play of light and colour in the orchestra prevents the attention from drooping even for an instant. It would be rash to predict so soon what permanent position *Hereward* will gain in the estimation of the musical public. But this much may be said with safety, that if any works produced in the present generation by English composers merit longevity Mr. Prout's cantata is one of them. It is replete with evidence of the soundest musicianship, and its most prominent feature is intellectuality. In default of positive genius we should be content with these qualities when they are as richly developed as in the present instance. If any who were present at the performance of the work on Wednesday week deem these remarks unduly depreciatory, let it be understood that our desire has been to maintain the strictest impartiality in dealing with the

new work; and if we have erred it has certainly been on the side of judicial severity rather than of excessive laudation. It only remains to add that the first appearance of the Hackney Choir at St. James's Hall was a complete success, and that, as a body, it is quite worthy to compare with the best of those associations which are accustomed to occupy this arena.

HENRY F. FROST.

Mlle. VANZANDT appeared as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro* at Her Majesty's on Saturday last, showing, as in her previous parts, more of promise than of actual performance. On Tuesday Mme. Nilsson once more essayed the part of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. Dramatically her rendering of this character is very fine, but if she is wise she will eschew such trying embodiments for the future. Her voice, when not unduly forced, retains all its wonted charm; but the time has arrived with Mme. Nilsson when it is advisable to husband resources rather than to waste them in unnecessary efforts.

MDME. ANNA MEHLIG gave a concert of classical chamber music on Monday afternoon at St. James's Hall. The most important item in the programme was Rubinstein's quintett for piano and strings in G minor (Op. 99). This work was first performed in London two years ago, the composer himself presiding at the pianoforte. It contains a few beautiful ideas, but they are not well developed, and there is much that appears extravagant and unmeaning. Mme. Mehlig's best solo performances were Liszt's transcription of Bach's great prelude and fugue in E minor (Book ii., Peter's edition), and Field's nocturne in A. She was assisted by Mme. Essipoff, Herr Straus, Herr Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Herr Daubert. The vocalist was Herr Elmblad.

At the Musical Union on Tuesday, Schumann's quartett in A minor (Op. 41, No. 1), Mendelssohn's trio in C minor (Op. 66), and Haydn's quartett in G (No. 81) were performed. M. Marsick and Herr Jaell appeared for the first time this season.

The second of Messrs. Shedlock and Lochner's Chamber Concerts took place at Lancaster Hall, Notting Hill, on Wednesday evening last, when the chief items of the programme were Beethoven's sonata in C minor for piano and violin, Molique's trio in B flat (Op. 27), the third book of Heller and Ernst's "Pensées Fugitives," and Rheinberger's "Intermezzo and Fuga Chromatica" for organ solo.

The programme of Herr Scharwenka's pianoforte recital on Wednesday at St. James's Hall was formed largely of works already played by him on other occasions during the present season. To these no further reference need be made, but the pianist merits warm encomiums for his beautiful rendering of some examples of Chopin—the polonaise in E flat (Op. 22) and the *Scherzo* in B minor (Op. 21). In *forte* passages Herr Scharwenka's style is sometimes wanting in clearness, but at other times the purity and delicacy of his manipulation are exquisite.

The Philharmonic concert of Wednesday contained no features of special interest, but the performance generally was successful beyond the average. Señor Sarasate again created a *furor* by his masterly performance of three movements of Raff's suite for violin and orchestra in G minor (Op. 180), and Herr Jaell gave his customary finished rendering of Schumann's pianoforte concerto. The society departed somewhat from its usual groove in selecting Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, but the work was well played, and despite its serious inequalities was received with favour. Miss Emma Thursby sang Mozart's arduous *aria* "Ah! non sai" with ease and brilliancy, winning deserved applause.

MR. WADDEL's enterprising choir at Edinburgh, of which we have more than once had occasion to

speak in these columns, gave a concert on the 3rd inst., of which the very interesting programme included Brahms's "Song of Destiny," a selection from the third act of *Tannhäuser*, Schumann's "Requiem for Mignon," and Handel's *Acis and Galatea*.

MR. GEORGE RISELEY, the organist of the cathedral and the Colston Hall, Bristol, is doing a good work for music in that city. He has lately brought to a close a series of weekly orchestral concerts, and a summary of the proceedings of the season has been forwarded to us. From this we find that the very large number of 181 different pieces has been brought forward. The list comprises 16 symphonies, 54 overtures, 83 miscellaneous orchestral works, 24 concertos and solos for various instruments, and 4 choral works. The names of 77 different composers have appeared in the programmes, and 19 compositions by English writers have been given. Such a record may compare without disadvantage with that of many of our best musical societies; and the inhabitants of Bristol will show themselves unworthy of their privileges if they do not warmly support so excellent and spirited an effort in the cause of art.

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